

The Daily Mirror

THE MORNING JOURNAL WITH THE SECOND LARGEST SALE.

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FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER 8, 1905.

One Halfpenny.

BEEF KING AND MISS CORELLI.



Harvard House, Stratford-on-Avon, the home of the founder of Harvard University, which, at the suggestion of Miss Marie Corelli, has been purchased by Mr. Nelson Morris, the Chicago millionaire, as a club-house for visiting Americans.

THE REBELLION IN THE CAUCASUS.



Scene in the oil-well district in Baku. A portion of the town is in ruins and the latest advices state that 500 oil wells have been destroyed by fire. Troops have been called out, and yesterday the artillery were ordered to fire upon the mob. The loss of life has been very great.

TOKIO RIOTS.



The leader of the Opposition party in Japan, Count Okuma, who is opposed to the peace terms.—(Underwood and Underwood.)

INVESTIGATING THE WITHAM TRAIN WRECK.



Lieutenant-Colonel von Donop and the officials of the Board of Trade examining the railway line at the point where the train left the rails last Friday. The cause of the disaster has not yet been explained.

M. WITTE.



A remarkably fine snapshot of M. Witte, taken as he left the last Conference, before peace was declared.—(Harper's Weekly.)

DEAFNESS AND HEAD NOISES

The following unsolicited testimonials and photographs, which have been sent by patients spontaneously, should convince even the most sceptical in such matters that the Keith-Harvey System has undoubted claims to consideration.



Mrs. WARRINGTON,
185, High-street,
Burton-on-Trent,

Writes August 28th, 1905:—
"I am pleased to say that since carrying out the 'Keith-Harvey System' my hearing is completely restored and the troublesome 'ringing' noises in the head have also entirely passed away. I can now hear my watch ticking at a distance, the clocks are quite audible in all the rooms, and in addition to this I am also able to join in general conversation without difficulty. I shall be most happy to recommend your system to anyone."



Miss ADA A. CLAY,
12, Lower Anchor-street,
London-road, Chelmsford.

Writes August 27th, 1905:—
"As the result of Influenza and repeated Colds I had for years been suffering from Deafness and distressing 'buzzing' noises in the ears. I am pleased to say, however, that after carrying out the 'Keith-Harvey System' for fourteen days my hearing is completely restored, and I am now able to hear as well as ever I could in my life. I shall be only too pleased to answer any inquiries that may be put to me."



Mr. WILLIAM RUDGE,
Long-road, Deelham,

Writes August 25th, 1905:—
"Nineteen years ago (when a child of three) I became suddenly deaf through fright, and, although my general health was good, my hearing gradually got worse until I could only just hear the scratch one inch from either ear. I have now much pleasure in stating that after using the 'Keith-Harvey System' for four weeks my hearing is completely restored, and I shall consider it my duty to recommend your treatment to anyone."



Master B. WILKINSON,
487, Otley-road,
Undercliffe, Bradford, Yorks,

Whose father writes August 17th, 1905:—
"My son Bernard had for the past eleven years been suffering from Deafness and intermittent noises in the head like steam. We took him to the Eye and Ear Hospital, also to an Ear Specialist, but they were unable to do him any good."

"I am pleased to say, however, that after using the 'Keith-Harvey System' he is completely cured, and can now hear as well as ever he could."



Mrs. W. WEBB,
Near Blacksmith's, Liley,
near Luton, Beds,

Writes August 15th, 1905:—

"When a child I suffered from a gathering in the head, and since then gradually became deaf, until at last I could only hear the watch when pressed to the right ear.

"I am now delighted to say that, after carrying out the 'Keith-Harvey System,' my hearing is completely restored, and I can now hear the watch ticking when held at arm's length.

"I shall always be pleased to recommend your treatment to any sufferer."



Mrs. JONES,
"Futura," Hill Crest-road,
Hythe, Kent,

Writes August 8th, 1905:—

"After a severe attack of influenza I became almost totally deaf, and I also suffered at times with most distressing head noises like engines 'puffing' and bells 'ringing.'

"I am now most happy to say that, after carrying out the 'Keith-Harvey System,' my hearing is completely restored, the head noises have entirely ceased, and I do not know how to be grateful enough for the blessing and comfort I have received."



Mr. E. ALLEN,
35, Ardmore-street,
Attercliffe, Sheffield,

Writes July 21st, 1905:—

"After suffering from Deafness and noises in the head for nearly four years, I made up my mind to try the 'Keith-Harvey System.'

"I am delighted to say that the experiment has been attended with complete success, as I can now hear as well as ever I could in my life, and the distressing 'steaming' noises in the head have also entirely passed away. I shall always be pleased to recommend your treatment."



Mr. C. H. GLENN,
24, Lower Ford-street,
Coventry,

Writes July 18th, 1905:—

"As the result of severe Colds and influenza I had for over four years been a great sufferer from Deafness and noises in the head.

"I am now delighted to say that after carrying out the 'Keith-Harvey System' the head noises have entirely passed away and my hearing is completely restored. I can now hear a watch ticking at arm's length; formerly I had to press it close to the head."

IF YOU

suffer from Deafness or Head Noises, and desire a complete and permanent cure, write at once to Professor G. KEITH-HARVEY, 117, Holborn, London, E.C., for Illustrated Pamphlet, fully describing an entirely new self-applied method, which he will send you gratis and post free on mentioning the "Daily Mirror."

WAR'S TERRIBLE AFTERMATH.

Havoc and Bloodshed in Russia and Japan.

FIRE AND RAPINE.

Baku in Flames and the Caucasus a Veritable Battlefield.

PERILOUS SITUATION.

The close of the war between Russia and Japan has appeared to have had an amazing sequel. On the one hand a wide stretch of the Russian Empire is in a state of most pronounced anarchy. On the other, the capital of Japan continues to be the scene of some of the gravest disorders that have been witnessed there since she became a modern nation.

The reign of terror which at present exists in Russia baffles description. As one correspondent puts it, the province of Elisabetpol, which covers an area of nearly 4,000 square miles, is "a veritable battlefield." Tartars and Armenians in the Caucasus have everywhere broken out into those bloody feuds for which these races are famous. Baku is a city of fire, and the arsenal has been blown up, and Balakhany, where the artillery trained their guns on the mob, has been completely reduced to ruins.

Trade has been deserted for rapine, and the only hope of restoring authority is by the most dreadful forms of repression.

Little wonder that the already distracted Tsar has addressed a sinister and peremptory instruction to the powers on the spot to stamp out the insurrection "at any cost."

The disturbances at Tokio are much more serious than original reports indicated, and developments of the gravest nature are feared. The house of the Minister of the Interior has been wrecked by the infuriated mob, and fourteen police stations destroyed. In the rioting two people were killed and 500 injured.

WHOLE CITY ABLAZE.

Artillery Mow Down Caucasian Rioters Amid the Flames.

The latest reports received in St. Petersburg from the stricken city of Baku show that now the whole city is ablaze, anarchy is rampant, and the troops, driven to desperation, are firing on the crowds with fearful indiscrimination and slaughter.

Reuter's correspondents at St. Petersburg and Tiflis send some terribly graphic pictures of the awful scenes.

According to the newspapers, 500 oil towers, including forty belonging to the Nobel Company, are burning in the Baku district, and the naphtha storehouses are also ablaze.

VERITABLE BATTLEFIELD.

The Government of Elisabetpol has been transformed into a veritable battlefield.

The rioting at Baku has been resumed on a larger scale than hitherto, and the situation there is officially declared to be most serious. The rioters fired on the house of the Governor-General.

At Balakhany the number of troops proved insufficient to cope with the mob, and the artillery had to fire on the populace.

The military authorities at Tiflis are hurrying forward the measures decided upon in order to cope with the situation at Baku, and a force of artillery has been sent there in special trains from Tiflis.

In the Northern Caucasus the Tartar movement is mainly directed against the Government.

A meeting of persons interested in the naphtha trade was held in St. Petersburg on September 5, when it was decided to send a telegram to the Emperor pointing out that the naphtha industry was suffering irreparable injury on account of the present state of anarchy in the oil-fields.

ALL NAPHTHA MINES DESTROYED.

The urgency of this course is revealed by a later message stating that all the naphtha mines at Baku have been destroyed. The factories are closed, and all industrial establishments have ceased to do business. The place is an awful scene of lurid ruin, rebellion, and rapine. According to the Central News, information has been received in London that

the Baku arsenal has been blown up with appalling loss of life.

The Tsar has telegraphed to the Viceroy of the Caucasus commanding him to put a stop to the revolt at all cost, and latest telegrams from Balakhany state that that place has now been reduced to ashes.

NO SHORTAGE AT HOME.

American Greed, Not Baku Fires, Will Send Up Oil Prices in England.

If the price of oil goes up in England during the rioting and fires in the Caucasus it will be through no shortage in oil from the Baku district, but through the greed of the great American oil trust.

"Such a small portion of the British oil demand is supplied by the Baku companies that the present disturbances should have little effect upon prices in England," said an official of one of the largest Russian companies to the *Daily Mirror* yesterday.

However, the Americans may take the advantage of the Russian shortage to put the prices up.

"The burning of hundreds of oil-towers around Baku may continue without very much oil being consumed. The oil is so far below the surface that the tower and baling machinery may be burned without serious loss to the well."

"The strikers have not as yet attacked the refineries or pipe lines." Once the latter, hundreds of miles long, are tampered with, the supply of oil will be quite cut off.

"Much of the anger of the strikers is being directed against the managers of the refineries. Our officers have been repeatedly threatened by mobs, but up to-day none of them has suffered violence."

RUSSIAN OFFICERS DISMISSED.

A Russian Imperial order has been issued, says Reuter, dismissing Admiral Nebogatoff, and the captains of the battleships Imperator Nicolai I., Eniaivne, and the General Admiral Apraxin, for being captured at the battle of the Sea of Japan.

BLOODSHED IN TOKIO.

Mob Burn Minister's House and Demolish Fourteen Police Stations.

Latest reports from Tokio show that the rioting which followed the publication of the terms of peace was even more serious than yesterday's messages indicated.

A Reuter's telegram dispatched on September 5, but delayed in transmission, says that the attack on the offices of the "Kokumin" was followed by serious rioting.

The mob made an assault on, and burned the official residence of, the Minister of the Interior, which faced Hibiya Park, which was the centre of the disturbances.

The destruction of the residence was intensely dramatic.

All through the day a series of demonstrations was made in the neighbourhood of the building. Late in the afternoon the mob charged, swept the police away, and battered down the gates.

The police and servants resisted stoutly, but the mob surged around and entered the house.

Throughout the day threatening demonstrations were made in the neighbourhood of the official residences of Count Katsura, the Premier, and Baron Komura, but the police prevented the crowd from damaging these buildings.

The rioting ceased at midnight. It is estimated that two persons were killed and 500 wounded. Two of the larger police-stations were demolished by the mob and upwards of a dozen smaller ones.

WANTED "PRAYING ANGELS."

How an Artless Request of a Girl of Fourteen Deceived a Merchant.

Extraordinary precocity has been shown by a little Russian girl of fourteen years, who has succeeded in defrauding a merchant in Moscow by a remarkable ruse.

She went to the Petrof marble masons' works in Myasozintz-street, states Laffan, and told the proprietor she was in the service of one Andreff, who had lost his seventeen-year-old son, and that she was charged to choose a monument.

She was shown many monuments, and decided on one representing "praying angels," remarking that the proprietor could not imagine how it reflected the feelings of the bereaved. But it was dirty, and must be thoroughly cleaned.

The monument was carried to the back of the premises, and while the staff were cleaning it the girl abstracted from an unlocked safe money and bills to the value of £100.

MME. NORDICA'S JEWELS STOLEN.

(FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.)

NEW YORK, Thursday.—Mme. Nordica's house at Ossining was robbed yesterday of £100 and many jewels.

The thieves entered by an upper window while the family was at dinner. Mme. Nordica is in Europe.

"BLUEBEARD" IN LONDON.

Notorious American Bigamist Recognised in the Strand.

An extraordinary statement is made to the effect that George Witzoff, the notorious American bigamist, has been seen in London.

It is claimed that he was recognised, though clean shaven and wearing pince-nez, by Mr. H. Vernon, of 125, Lexington-avenue, New York City, a former acquaintance. Witzoff was with two women,

When Mr. Vernon spoke to him, the man took a cab and made off.

Witzoff is a remarkable man, and has had a career as remarkable as his personality.

He has always exercised an astonishing fascination over women, and his life appears to be devoted to turning this power to his own advantage, in a most audacious and unscrupulous way. He has been married to nearly 100 women, most of whom he has robbed of large amounts.

Some of them, it is true, have only brought him a paltry hundred or two. From other victims he has secured thousands.

He married seven women in one week, and has a wife in nearly every American State. He speaks seven languages, and committed many of his robberies by means of drugs.

Witzoff's exploits have earned for him the name of the "Lightning Bridegroom."

The fugitive, who used to practise as a dentist, is of German extraction. He is stated to be the head of a sort of marriage syndicate formed for the purpose of robbery. A bogus "marriage broker" was engaged who shared in the plunder.

Numbers of Witzoff's love-letters have been published by the New York papers. Most of them begin "Dear darling girl (or wife)," and end "Your own loving Busy Bee, George."

All his letters were short and dwelt on the necessity of raising funds.

The task of the New York police has been rendered very difficult by the fugitive's many aliases and disguises.

THE "STEWART MILLIONS."

Famous Series of Lawsuits About a Vast Fortune Recalled.

The death of Mr. Henry Graham Hilton, who sacrificed a fortune of £2,000,000 to marry a famous theatrical beauty, recalls an exciting lawsuit, or set of lawsuits, some years ago.

Mr. Hilton was the second son of the late Judge Henry Hilton, who succeeded to a vast fortune on the death of Mr. Alexander Torney Stewart, the "Dry Goods King" of America, in 1875, by a will which he produced.

A charge of forgery was brought against the "Judge" by various relatives of Mr. Stewart in Scotland and Ireland, and he gave up a large share of the money.

Another claim made by a Glasgow relative led to the case being investigated by a London genealogist, and the case was statuted-barred by the United States Legislature, and so fell to the ground, the "Judge" thus being left with £10,000,000.

A "BUBBLE REPUTATION."

Cleveland Man Charged with Stealing Mr. Rockefeller's "Plug" Hat.

(FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.)

CLEVELAND, Thursday.—There is one man in the town who has achieved fame—he stands accused of having stolen the "plug" hat of the richest man in the world.

James Crowe is the man's name, and the allegation is that he purloined Mr. Rockefeller's hat while the latter was attending service at the First Methodist Episcopal Church.

There is a further charge of breaking into the church. He broke a window, it is said, and was crawling through when the janitor caught him.

It is not likely that Mr. Rockefeller will appear against him, but the Methodist janitor will.

FIVE DAYS AFLOAT ON A LOG.

(FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.)

PARIS, Thursday.—Six hundred miles from shore at Marseilles, picked up five negroes seated astride a huge mahogany log.

The poor fellows had been caught by currents while floating the log along the coast, and carried out to sea. They had been five days without food and water.

CAMPAIGN AGAINST ABSINTHE.

The French Government have been petitioned to enforce an interdiction against the sale of absinthe, in consequence of the large amount of crime which results from the consumption of this drug.

At present absinthe is free from the duties and restrictions applied to other alcoholic drinks.

SULTAN APOLOGISES.

Moorish Government Gives Complete Satisfaction to France.

INDEMNITY PAID.

(FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.)

PARIS, Thursday.—The Sultan of Morocco has yielded and given the fullest possible satisfaction to France.

The French Minister at Fez cabled this morning to Paris stating that the French demands had been met to the letter.

By order of the Sultan, the Grand Vizier went in person to the French Legation, and in presence of the entire staff of the Embassy and many prominent members of the European colony at Fez, he presented the Sultan's excuses.

He said: "My master the Sultan of the Moorish Government commands me to make excuse for the arrest and imprisonment of the Algerian, who is now recognised to be a French subject. The Sultan has dismissed the guilty kaid who arrested the Algerian, and I have with bring you the money claimed as an indemnity for the victim. The Sultan's Government will be careful to see that such an incident does not occur again."

WRITTEN APOLOGIES.

These verbal excuses were accompanied by two letters, expressing the same thing in writing.

The money indemnity was immediately handed over to the Algerian Bu Mzian.

The French Minister said that on behalf of the Republic he accepted the Sultan's excuses, and took note of the promise that no similar occurrence would be allowed to take place.

The French Government having thus received satisfaction on all the points in dispute, the Minister cancelled the arrangements he had made for leaving the country.

The utmost satisfaction prevails in Paris at this peaceful solution of a grave difficulty.

It is stated that M. Rouvier intends to publish a Yellow-book on the Morocco question when all difficulties have been definitely settled.

THE MAGHZEN.

The Maghzen, whose interference in Moroccan affairs has been a puzzle to many people, seeing that the Sultan is an autocrat, derives its power from the fact that long ago the descendants of Mohammed formed a privileged caste—the Maghzen—and elected a Sultan.

Hence to-day the Maghzen is similar to venerable institutions like the Papacy and the Pôrte.

RAISUL'S MOTHER CAPTURED.

A telegram from Tangier states that during a Kably wedding ceremony at Beninsuar, Raisul's mother was taken unawares and captured.

Raisul's brother, accompanied by a detachment of troops, is proceeding to Beninsuar to rescue her.

SAVED BY DOGS.

Two French Burglars Put to Flight by a Lady's Pets.

(FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.)

PARIS, Thursday.—Mme. Leduc, who keeps a forge store in Paris, has two magnificent dogs, from whom nothing would induce her to part, for they have saved her life.

Attacked in her office by two burglars, she was already overpowered when her dogs, attracted by her cries for help, rushed in, and, each choosing his victim, threw themselves on the scoundrels, who were forced to fight for their lives.

Eventually the men escaped through the window into the street below.

They were afterwards arrested, however, and identified as well-known criminals.

MIDNIGHT TELEGRAMS.

Sailing schooners now in the Behring Sea will have, according to reports from Reuter's correspondent, the best catch made for many years.

In consequence of the French strikers at Pont-a-Mousson having raised barricades in the streets, the chief of the police has asked that a regiment of cavalry be sent from Luneville.

It is announced that the visit of Prince Louis of Battenberg to Washington has been postponed. His Serene Highness, states Reuter, will probably go there in November, when President Roosevelt is in residence.

TO-DAY'S WEATHER.

Our special weather forecast for to-day is:—South-westerly and westerly winds; fresh or strong in places, fair generally; cooler.

Lighting-up time, 7.30 p.m.

Sea passage will be rather rough to moderate.

TONS OF LOAVES, BUT NO BREAD.

Food Specialist's Indignant Protest
at the Bakers' Exhibition.

NO WHOLEMEAL FLOUR.

A food specialist walked round the Agricultural Hall yesterday almost gnashing his teeth with anger.

He saw fourteen tons of bread, many tons of flour, an oven, in the building of which over sixty tons of bricks had been used, and kneading, flour-mixing, and baking appliances of every conceivable description. Yet, in spite of all this display, he was not satisfied.

Like Diogenes with his lantern, looking for an honest man in the crowded streets, the food specialist walked round crying out for "honest bread."

He saw announcements of prizes valued at over £20,000, and he watched the judges tasting and feeling the 12,000 loaves which had been sent in to compete for such awards as:

A sixty-guinea challenge cup;
Gold, silver and bronze medals;
Money prizes of £200 downwards;
A trip round the world or a motor-car;
A baker's delivery van valued at £35;
A horse and harness worth £100;
A baker's hand-cart worth £10.
Shop stands; and
Watches and chains.

No Bread in Sight.

Still he grumbled and demanded a sight of "bread." Nor was he satisfied with such varieties of bread as:-

Cromby loaves.	Malted brown bread.
Crusty cottage.	Milk bread.
Dark bread.	Pearl barley bread.
Pan loaves.	Brown bread.
Wheatmeal bread.	French bread.
Venice bread.	Breakfast rolls.

"This is not what I call honest bread. What is the food value of it as compared with what it might be?" he asked, attracting the scornful attention of a judge in shirt-sleeves.

"The white bread is not a proper food at all, for in order to improve its appearance and flavour it is robbed of most of the nutriment it should contain. It satisfies the appetite, but it won't build up the frame."

"The more appetising you make it, and the more prizes it wins, the less good it will do to the people who eat it."

Then he paused before a mountain of brown loaves and shuddered.

"Do you know why it is brown?" he asked of the *Daily Mirror*. "They've merely been adding bran to the white flour, and then they ask you to believe that it is whole-meal bread."

"It is no better than the white. It's worse, in fact, for it deceives the people who eat it. Even the patent breads so largely advertised are a compromise—they are made to please the palate."

Government Interference Wanted.

"The so-called bread that wins prizes might almost be classed as French confectionery. I might almost say, indeed, that no honest bread is made. It is all 'fake'—all a sacrifice to the palate and the eye."

Then he went on to argue that in such competitions the bread should be judged according to its nutritive value.

"What does the appearance matter, or the taste?" he said, "so long as you make bread which builds up the frame and keeps the nation healthy? Bread competitions should be judged by analysts, not bakers."

"Let the Government, by offering prizes for the most nutritive bread, encourage the use of proper wholemeal flour. Then we shall hear less of physical degeneration and more of decreasing death-rates."

He paused in his eloquence to swoop down upon a bewildered miller, and was left arguing.

UNPROMISING WEATHER.

Although Fine at Many Seaside Resorts
Holiday-Makers' Prospects Are Gloomy.

Various kinds of weather were experienced in England yesterday, but although it was fine at many seaside resorts the prospects for holiday-makers continue to be unfavourable.

On the south and south-western coasts dull and rainy weather was reported, but with the exception of Scarborough and Tynemouth it was fine at the eastern resorts. There was a heavy fall of rain in London, accompanied by a noticeable drop in the temperature.

FOR HER BELOVED GIRTON.

One of the founders of Girton College, Cambridge, the late Miss Elizabeth Manning, has bequeathed to it £2,000.

"ABODE OF LOVE"

Photographs of Agapemone Stronghold
Secured by the "Daily Mirror."

An interesting addition to the public's knowledge of the notorious "Abode of Love" at Spaxton is made by the photographs which are reproduced on page 8 of to-day's *Daily Mirror*.

The *Daily Mirror* photographer succeeded in finding the massive and jealously guarded gates open, and thus secured pictures of the building and its surroundings.

In one photograph the solid-looking, heavily-studded portals are shown swung open to admit a lady in a trap, and beyond them can be seen a charming glimpse of the grounds.

The delightful terraced walk which borders the trim lawn is the favourite haunt of Pigott himself, who loves to saunter there alone with his meditations, or conversing in calm and quiet with his intimates.

Increasing demands upon the living space have caused the Agapemones to add to the house, and their handsome annex is shown in another photograph.

There is certainly nothing of the convent or the monastery about the Agapemone. "Abode of Love" it may be; it certainly appears to be an abode of luxury.

THE KING'S RETURN.

Escorted by Cruisers the Queen Leaves Eng-
land for Copenhagen.

The King will arrive at Buckingham Palace to-morrow evening. His Majesty will hold a Court at noon on Monday, and afterwards travel by "special" train from King's Cross to Olleerton, on a visit to Lord and Lady Savile.

It is expected that his Majesty will be present at Doncaster races on Tuesday, Wednesday, and Friday next week.

Yesterday the Danish Court received a telegram stating that Queen Alexandra will arrive there to-morrow evening instead of Sunday morning.

Her Majesty and Princess Victoria left Charing Cross yesterday at two o'clock. A large crowd was waiting at the station to see the Queen pass.

Escorted by two cruisers, the royal yacht, with her Majesty on board, left the Nore for Flushing at 3.50.

The battleship Renown, in which the Prince and Princess of Wales will proceed to India, arrived in full complement at Portsmouth yesterday.

RUSH TO "OLD DRURY."

Phenomenal Demand for Seats for the Pro-
duction of "The Prodigal Son."

"Never before in all our bookings for dramas have I known such a rush for seats," declared the box-office manager of Drury Lane Theatre to the *Daily Mirror* last night. "Weeks ago every seat for the first performance of 'The Prodigal Son' had been booked. We could have sold our higher-priced seats many times over, so great has been the demand."

Yesterday morning at eight o'clock a lady and gentleman together took up their own positions outside the amphitheatre entrance and comfortably arranged themselves on camp-stools for their patient and monotonous wait.

Towards nine the first patron of the pit arrived, and at 11.30 a batch of six first-nighters.

From this time onward the crowd grew, being augmented by messenger-boys deputed to hold positions in the queue. Various expedients for passing the time were resorted to, one party having provided themselves with a pack of cards.

DEATH ENDS DIFFICULTIES.

Young German Drank Poison Because He
Could Not Pay Hotel Bill.

The sad story of a young German who came to London against his parents' wishes and got into financial difficulties was told at the City of London Coroner's Court yesterday.

Staying at De Keyser's Royal Hotel, Richard Meidener found he was unable to settle his bill, and on being spoken to by the manager went to his room.

Later he was found dead, with a bottle by his side. He left a letter which said:—

"I hereby beg you to inform my father by cable what has happened, who will settle my account."

A verdict of Death from poison self-administered was returned.

OLD COACH ROUTE REVIVED.

Another coach road is about to witness a revival of the good old days.

Next Monday, the 11th inst., Mr. John Thompson, a well-known amateur whip, will inaugurate a double coach service between Brighton and Tunbridge Wells.

HISTORIC VILLAGE SOLD.

Mentioned in Domesday-Book, Abberton
Retains Relics of the Dark Ages.

A novel sale took place at Birmingham yesterday, when the entire village of Abberton, near Worcester, and a large part of seven other parishes in the vicinity were put up for auction.

Abberton is of extreme antiquity, dating back as it does prior to the Norman Conquest. In the Domesday-book it is called Ebritone, and it was then owned by the Abbot of Pershore.

Originally a chapel, dating from the twelfth century, stood there dedicated to St. Edburgha, daughter of the Saxon King Edward the Elder, and it is said that many miracles were wrought there.

The hall has many fine old rooms with paneled walls and oak floors, and it figures in the well-known novel, "East Lynne," the character "Mr. Carlyle" being that of a former owner of the hall, and re-stories of the old church.

Kingsgate parish church and manor were also included in the sale. This parish was named Chintune in the Domesday Book, and there was an enclosed park for wild beasts in the reign of Henry I.

VICTIM OF THE SUGAR CRASH.

Out of Her Vast Wealth Mine, Say Has But
Her Jewels Left.

The principal victim of the failure of the late M. Cronier, the Sugar King, whose tragic suicide is fresh in the public mind, is Mine, Say, widow of the well-known sugar refiner.

To-day (writes the *Daily Mirror* Paris correspondent) she is almost ruined, and after selling her beautiful domain at Lormoy, and cancelling the lease of her handsome mansion in the Avenue des Champs Elysées, she has broken up her establishment and dismissed all but two of her domestics.

Now, says the "Echo de Paris," she is preparing to dispose of her magnificent jewels (valued at nearly £100,000), which, happily for her, she had this year, by exception, placed for security elsewhere than in M. Cronier's safe at the refinery.

MIGHTY TEA DRINKERS.

Britain Leads All Countries in Tea Con-
sumption; America Still Prefers Coffee.

Britain is easily first among the countries of the world in tea consumption.

Six pounds of tea, according to an official return issued yesterday, is the average annual consumption per head of population.

One other country only—Holland—consumes more than one pound per head of population annually. In Russia and the United States the average is about one pound.

Uncle Sam makes up for his economy in tea by so extravagant a use of coffee that his consumption of that beverage is nearly as great as all the other countries put together.

Germany and France are first and second among European coffee-drinking countries.

THE IDEAL LIBRARY.

The World's Greatest Books Now Obtainable
for Twopence Per Day.

The enterprise of book publishers during the last few years has made the public familiar with cheap editions of standard works; but nothing that has yet been produced has in any way come up to the high excellence of the series of volumes contained in "The Harmsworth Library." Printed in clear and beautiful type upon specially prepared paper of high grade, and strongly bound in art linen with elaborately gilt backs, these volumes represent the highest value that has ever yet been offered for the small sum of a shilling.

One volume alone—Thackeray's "Vanity Fair"—contains no fewer than 780 pages; while Mrs. Henry Wood's "East Lynne" contains 736 pages, and Kingsley's "Westward Ho!" contains 618 pages.

No one can afford to neglect the reading of the great classical works of the English language—the books that have made men great—and "The Harmsworth Library" now places the necessary books within the reach of everyone. In the first ten volumes are included Southey's "Life of Nelson," "Tom Brown's Schooldays," Charlotte Brontë's "Jane Eyre," "Bunyan's "Pilgrim's Progress," Sir Walter Scott's "Ivanhoe," Darwin's "Voyage of H.M.S. Beagle," and Charles Lamb's complete "Essays of Elia."

Other volumes will shortly be announced, and nothing will be included in the series except books of standard and permanent value.

LADY NOVELISTS MISSING WORK.

Considerable curiosity has been aroused as to the whereabouts of the MSS. of the "Fulfilment," to draw attention to which the authoress, Miss Edith Allanby, the Lancaster schoolmistress, poisoned herself.

As yet no trace of the work has been found.

PRINCE'S WILD OATS.

Servia's Heir Celebrates His Coming
of Age To-morrow.

HIS "SECRET MARRIAGE."

(FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.)

BELGRADE, Tuesday.—The Servian capital is getting ready to celebrate the coming-of-age of the Crown Prince, which is to be observed on Saturday. Truth to tell, there is little love felt for this "enfant terrible" among princes, and the "rejoicings" will be rather forced.

Ever since his arrival in the Servian capital this young man has been a thorn in the side of his father and the despair of the régime loyalists. His last exploit was, according to the story told in the Belgrade clubs, a crime not only against honour but against religion.

Three miles from the capital stands the Convent of the Blessed Trinity, to which many young ladies of the highest aristocracy have retired. Some weeks ago the Crown Prince and three youthful companions, after exhausting the usual round of pleasures offered by the capital, decided to pay a nocturnal visit to the convent.

Royal Convent-Breaker.

In the small hours of the morning they drove out from the Café de Paris and began to bale at the wicket-gate.

A faithful watch-dog gave the alarm, and when the Mother Superior arrived on the scene, she found the door burst open and in the cloisters four young and apparently maniacal officers in uniform, who had run a sword through the dog and were ready for any devilry, no matter how profane.

The scene that followed cannot be described. One can only say that the convent has had to be reconsecrated by the Metropolitan, and that the people have sworn to take vengeance on the sacrilegious Prince.

It will be remembered that last March the Crown Prince was requested to leave the principal musical hall of the city as a consequence of having flung bottles of champagne at the leader of the orchestra, after having been ordered down from the stage, where, forgetting his royal rank and dignity, he had publicly made love to Mme. Beyla, the most accomplished dancer and chanteuse of the capital.

Heartless Mock Marriage.

Neglecting his military duties for a life of pleasure, carried on at the expense of the poor peasantry of an already overtaxed country, the Crown Prince has considerably weakened the position of his father, King Peter, whom he has also deprived of the services of one of his ablest Ministers by an act of peculiar and revolting heartlessness.

General Mastitis, the Minister in question, has an only daughter, a charming and high-spirited girl a few years junior to the Crown Prince.

The young man paid particular attention to Mlle. Mastitis, and, as at that time his real character was unknown to the Servians, the kindly and patriotic General rather encouraged his visits to the house.

A Servian King had before now chosen his Queen from outside the royal circle, and why should not Mastitis capture a Servian Crown Prince? reflected the General.

Flattered into accompanying the Prince to a small shooting-box that he possesses in the Forest of Nish, the poor girl was made the victim of a bogus "secret marriage" three of the Prince's friends posing as priest and witnesses.

After a short "honeymoon," Mlle. Mastitis was heartlessly told the truth, and informed that if she were not satisfied she could return to her matchmaking father, who, during several weeks, had vainly sought the hiding-place of his errant and vanished daughter.

HORRORS OF NAVAL FIGHTING.

Londoner Describes His Experiences During
the Battle of the Sea of Japan.

A Mr. T. Campbell, who is a member of the East Ham Labour League, has written to the secretary a letter describing his experience on board a Japanese warship during the battle of Ushimura Straits.

"We were shut up in the engine-room—a regular Dante's Inferno—of our gunboat," he says. "The temperature was 180deg. Fahrenheit. Just imagine it! Scalding water and hissing steam shivering all around us from leaking joints, piston glands, and steam-cocks. Men mad with terror and freight, seeking with sweat, and blood flowing from their ears and nostrils."

"Oh, God above! When I recall the scene it seems as if I am going mad, too."

"We fought all day and night. Then I became unconscious, and when I came to I was in the hospital, where I have been ever since."

Mme. Albani informed the *Daily Mirror* yesterday that there was no truth in the rumour of her impending retirement.

STRANGE CASE OF MISS LUTINA.

Many Constables Support Charge
Against an Actress.

ANOTHER REMAND.

The singular case of Miss Lilian Grey, the well-known actress, who is better known as Miss Aida Lutina, and who is contesting a charge of soliciting, yesterday occupied the attention of Mr. Bros at Clerkenwell for the third time.

Already witnesses have been called testifying to Miss Grey's innocence, and the last remand was granted on the application of her solicitor, who wished to collect evidence that would conclusively clear his client's character.

At the request of Mr. Cox Sinclair, barrister, who defended, the testimony of P.C. 333E was repeated.

He said that on August 23 he saw Miss Grey accost a gentleman in Woburn-place. He warned her, but an hour later he saw her repeat the offence, and he arrested her. She "fell into hysterics," and, on the way to the station, screamed for help from passing gentlemen.

During this evidence Miss Grey, who was accompanied by a nurse, and was looking very ill, was accommodated with a seat.

After certain cross-examination, Mr. Sinclair, at the request of the magistrate, outlined his defence. Miss Grey, he said, was not in Woburn-place on the evening mentioned in the charge.

She could give an explanation of her movements up to the time of her arrest, and she affirmed that there was no justification or excuse for the charge.

Many Police Witnesses.

Police-constable 333 E, again questioned by Mr. Sinclair as to Miss Grey's character, replied that he had known her for some months in the district, and only the night before her arrest he had cautioned her about her conduct.

By Mr. Musket (appearing for the Commissioner of Police): She frequented the district between ten in the evening and two in the morning.

Inspector Moir said he was on duty at Hunter-street Police Station when Miss Grey was brought in. She was very excited and inclined to be hysterical.

At first she refused to give her name and address. She denied the charge, and said that on the way to the station she appealed to two gentlemen, but as they were foreigners they did not understand her.

Later she gave her name and address as Lilian Grey, of 37, Bernnard-street, and said she was an electionist, who got her living by giving private lessons.

That address proved to be false, and she was found to be living in Grenville Mansions, Hunter-street.

The next witness was P.C. 248 E, who stated he had seen Miss Grey about the neighbourhood late at night and in the early hours of the morning. He had seen her with women known to the police, and believed her to be of the unfortunate class.

Three other constables gave similar evidence, and on Mr. Musket intimating that there were other witnesses for the prosecution, the case was further adjourned.

LABOUR LEADERS' FRACAS.

Bench Divide the Blame Equally Between the Two Combatants.

As a result of the fracas on the platform at a meeting of the unemployed at the recreation ground at West Ham-lane, Stratford, George Gow, an agent, and John Monk, a labourer, appeared at West Ham yesterday.

In disposition of the case the magistrate said that when Gow endeavoured to get on the platform Monk pushed him away.

"I am also satisfied," continued the magistrate, "that Gow was endeavouring to get on the platform and forcing a recognition."

"In that respect he was wrong, and though the trouble had been started by Gow, Monk was equally wrong in using force." Eventually they were both bound over.

RODE WITH SEVEN RIBS BROKEN.

It transpired at Fulham yesterday that an omnibus driver who died in the padded cell at the works-house, actually drove his omnibus five times between Liverpool-street and Uxbridge-road after he had fallen downstairs and fractured seven ribs.

FIRST IN TEN YEARS.

A case of suicide, which took place in St. Bartholomew's Hospital this week, was the first that has occurred there for ten years. A woman reached poison from a shelf above her bed.

SHOT BY HIS SON.

Deputy-Mayor of Reading Dies from an Accidental Wound.

An extremely sad accident has happened at Reading.

Mr. Berkeley Monck, J.P., the deputy-mayor of the town, died yesterday as the result of being accidentally shot by his son.

Mr. Monck and his son Stanley went out shooting on the estate, Coley Park, and while the father was in the act of crossing a stile the son's gun went off.

The gun was at full cock, and as the son was following close to his father the discharge, fired at such close range, made a terrible wound in Mr. Monck's side.

Assistance was at once procured, and Mr. Monck was quickly conveyed home.

However, it had been seen from the beginning that the wound was a fatal one, and after lingering through the night Mr. Monck expired early yesterday morning.

The sad affair has cast a gloom over the neighbourhood, for Mr. Monck was one of the best-known and most highly-respected of the residents of Reading.

He was a very keen sportsman, and his death in such a manner is all the more distressing.

Twice he occupied the mayoral chair, his advice to the town council on financial affairs being in-

"I AM THE MAN."

Hungarian Confesses He Shot Mrs. Franks in Ludgate-Circus.

MYSTERIOUS CRIME.

There was a startling development yesterday in the strange outrage on Mrs. Franks, the typewriter who was shot in Imperial-buildings, Ludgate-hill, on Wednesday, and who, though out of danger, is still lying seriously ill in St. Bartholomew's Hospital.

At eleven o'clock there walked into Bridewell Police Station a man of foreign appearance, and he calmly informed the officer in charge that he was the man who had shot Mrs. Franks.

The man, whose name is William Retz, was shortly afterwards brought before Sir Joseph Renold, at the Mansion House, charged with the crime.

He is a smart, military-looking man, of Hungarian birth, who says he lives at 92, Stockwell-park-road.

He is extremely well educated, being able, in fact, to converse in seven different languages. It was also stated that he was employed by the Electrical Steel Company, who occupy offices in the same buildings in which the shooting affair took place.

Calm Admissions.

The only witness was Detective-inspector Crouch, to whom Retz surrendered.

"Retz," said the officer, "remarked 'I am the man who shot Mrs. Franks.'

"I showed him the overcoat produced, and said, 'Mrs. Franks is in St. Bartholomew's Hospital, where she was taken yesterday, suffering from a bullet wound which she received in an office on the second floor at 36, Imperial-buildings, Ludgate-hill.'

"When we examined the office I found this overcoat there and this revolver-case and a box containing forty-five cartridges. Are these your property?"

"The prisoner said 'Yes.' He was then charged and searched, and in his possession, among other things, we found a gun licence issued yesterday morning from the Hatton-garden Post Office: also the receipt showing the purchase of a revolver the same day.

"I showed the prisoner a bullet I had found in the office. The bullet had passed through a plate-glass partition and had lodged in the wall."

Retz, who asked no questions and bore himself with an air of unconcern, was remanded for a week.

"Retz—Impossible."

Mrs. Franks's husband was interviewed yesterday concerning the arrest. "When I told my wife this morning that it was Retz who had done it she said, 'Retz—impossible.'

Retz was a personal friend of the proprietor of the bureau where my wife was employed, and worked on the Continent for the same firm that employed Mr. Kennedy. When away he would send my wife picture-postcards, which she always handed to me.

"In town he would call at the office like other friends of the proprietor."

LOST BRIDEGROOM.

French Girl's Quaint Search for Explanation of the English Law.

"Do you speak French?" asked a French governess of Mr. Curtis Bennett, at Westminster, yesterday. The Magistrate (gallantly): You speak English very well.

Applicant: I was going to get married last Tuesday, but my friend did not appear.

Magistrate: Do you understand?

Applicant: Oh, yes. I don't see very well how you could get married by yourself.

The applicant continued that her lover had taken rooms for them in Piccadilly, and after the wedding there was to be lunch for five. "But the day before I got one letter from the gentleman: 'Gone to Liverpool. It means money. With greatest love, your loving boy, Bertrand.' I am afraid he is lost."

She also wanted to know if her landlady could detain her goods, but the magistrate said he could not help her.

Applicant (on leaving): I did come here to learn English law.



THE LATE MR. BERKELEY MONCK.

valuable. He was a very busy man, for, in addition, he was chairman of the Education Committee, and the council's representative on the Thames Conservancy Board, besides finding time to identify himself with all the principal sports of the county.

BASHFUL MISS CROWTHER.

When Unobserved, the New Gorilla, Far from Dying, Skips About Merrily.

"Miss Crowther," the new gorilla at the Zoological Gardens, is not dying.

When interviewed by the *Daily Mirror* yesterday, Mr. R. J. Pocock, the superintendent of the gardens, said that there is nothing the matter with his lady patient, and that while her appetite cannot be described as that of a gourmand, she is by no means starving herself to death.

Mr. Pocock has decided to allow no one to visit "Miss Crowther," save her favourite keeper.

When she thinks she is unobserved she plays about her cage in quite a merry manner, but as soon as she sees anyone she hides her face like a child pulling the bed-clothes over its head, and assumes the most dismal attitudes.

"It is merely a fit of nervousness," said Mr. Pocock, "and she will soon settle down now."

TOO EAGER TO OBLIGE.

By Standing Bail Under False Pretences a Man Gets Into Serious Trouble.

A very rare case was heard at Tower Bridge yesterday, when William Hickey, of Kennington-road, was charged with forging a recognisance.

Hickey, it was stated, called at Kennington-road Police Station, and asked to be allowed to become a surety for a friend of his who was in cells.

He produced a rent-book purporting to be his, and signed the bail-book in the name appearing on the rent-book.

As it turned out the name was that of his landlord. Yesterday the magistrate told him that he had rendered himself liable to penal servitude, but recommended him for a week's consideration.

NO ASSET IN HOLIDAYS.

Judge Lumley Smith, in the City of London Court yesterday, held that a telephone girl, although entitled to two weeks' holiday after two years' service (by agreement) could not claim wages for that time if she were dismissed before she had taken her vacation.

"NOTHING IN THE HOUSE."

Socialist's Wife Withstands Cross-Examination for Nine Hours.

Walter Joseph Gammon, the socialist who is charged with the manslaughter of his son, under circumstances already reported, was again brought up at Edmonton yesterday.

It will be remembered that Gammon is alleged to have neglected to procure proper attention to the child as, it is said, he feared to seek relief lest he should be disfranchised.

Originally a coroner's jury returned a verdict of Wilful Murder, but eventually the charge was reduced to one of manslaughter.

Mrs. Gammon, in her evidence, stated that on the Sunday before the death of the child there was nothing in the house.

When the inspector of the N.S.P.C.C. called he cautioned her husband as to the health of the child, and complained about them all sleeping in one room.

Questioned by counsel with regard to a statement she made last week that her husband had drunk or said he could drink thirty-two half-pints of beer a day, she was asked: "Do you make that statement now?" "I do," was her reply.

Drink did not affect him like other people. He would appear to be all right to people who did not know him.

After further evidence the case was again adjourned, Mrs. Gammon having withstood the cross-examination, including last hearing, for nine hours.

"CHURCH UNDER REPAIR."

How the Public May Legally Be Excluded from a Marriage Ceremony.

If you are an unassuming millionaire and wish to be married out of the sight of the gaping public, choose a church under repair for the ceremony.

Mr. Marshall Field, the Chicago merchant-prince, chose St. Margaret's, Westminster, for his quiet marriage because it was undergoing repair at the time.

The marriage licence requires that the wedding should take place in the presence of "all Christians willing to be present," except when the ceremony is in a church undergoing repair.

Mr. Field was thus quite within the letter of the ecclesiastical law when he excluded the public from St. Margaret's.

CHEAPER THAN MUTTON.

Venison, the Food of Kings, Sold at 3d. per lb.

Never before in the history of Leadenhall Market has venison been so cheap.

The very best haunches are being sold for as little as 6d., while a hock can be bought at the rate of 4d. or 3d. per lb.

In fact, so cheap has this usually expensive meat grown that it is less costly than the commonest New Zealand mutton, while English beef is a luxury compared with it.

"As a matter of fact," said one of the largest butchers in Leadenhall Market yesterday to the *Daily Mirror*, "although the market is glutted the cause is not the abnormal supply of meat but the remarkable lack of demand for venison."

"A few years ago we sold 50 per cent. more venison than we do to-day."

MORE BUTTER AND BANANAS.

Curious Changes in British Trade Revealed by Official Returns.

While imports of butter, raw cotton, and bananas have greatly increased this year, those of cured fish, sawn timber, and unrefined sugar have, states the Board of Trade report issued yesterday, declined.

In exports the most noticeable increases have occurred in spirits, coal, wool, and linen goods.

In the first eight months of this year Great Britain exported £1,279,619 worth of cutlery, of which India received £201,328 worth.

Steam engines worth £381,329 were sent to South America, and Europe purchased from Great Britain sewing machines to the value of £1,279,329, a large decrease on the amount for 1904.

During August the total imports amounted to £6,362,991, and the exports to £35,945,636, as compared with £42,439,948 and £31,738,869 respectively in August of last year.

ACQUITTED OF A SERIOUS CHARGE.

Originally charged with the manslaughter of Charles McCarthy, at Poplar—a charge afterwards reduced to causing grievous bodily harm—Charles Groult, a constable of twelve years' service, with an excellent character, was acquitted at Clerkenwell Sessions yesterday.

BERLIN AHEAD OF BIRMINGHAM.

Striking Observations on the Home Life of the Germans.

TEUTONIC TIDINESS.

Three trades-unionists of Birmingham associated with the brass-workers industry paid a visit to Berlin to inquire whether the brass-workers in that city had attained a more desirable physical and industrial life than that led by the brass-workers of Birmingham.

Their observations which have just been published in pamphlet form, are deserving of the widest possible notice.

In every particular they found that the Berlin brass-worker was far in advance of the man in Birmingham; his home-life was better, his amusements more rational, and his wages equaling, if they did not exceed, in purchasing power those of the English worker.

NO UNDERDEP CHILDREN.

But the comparison on all points between Berlin and Birmingham is to our disadvantage, as the extracts which we have made from this thought-compelling booklet will go to show:—

"We were greatly impressed with the cleanliness and tidiness of the children playing about in the streets, courts, and squares. Of all the thousands of children we saw, there was not one who was not clean, neat, and tidy."

"We visited a parish school in the Rigaer Strasse—a quarter inhabited by the poorer classes. We saw no case of underfed, poorly clad, or untidy children, either in the streets or in the school."

"In the basement were extensive bathing accommodations, principally warm shower baths. Each of the 2,000 children received a shower bath weekly. Soap was provided, but they brought their own towels."

"Young persons leave school at fourteen years of age; and since April 1, 1905, when the law came into effect, they have now to attend a secondary school until they are seventeen years of age."

"On attaining eighteen years, and having finished his apprenticeship, the youth must serve two years in military service, not necessarily at once—but may be postponed. The age to serve is some time between eighteen and twenty-three years of age."

IN THE BEER-HOUSE.

"Working men with their families take their coffee, their beer, and their walks together to a much greater extent than they do in Birmingham."

"The workmen's beerhouse or cafe is liberally provided with newspapers. One, in which there are eighty newspapers, charges 1d. per copy of coffee. Chess and cards are favourite games."

"In disposition the workman is social and fond of company. He takes his wife out with him to the beerhouse as an unwritten law. He would be regarded as unusual if he did not so do."

"The gardens are open in summer and closed in winter. In winter large warm rooms and halls are used instead of the gardens, and the boy is equally popular winter and summer. This is mentioned because one often hears the remark 'the climate is so different that we cannot have the like in England.'

"The number of persons convicted of drunkenness in Birmingham, 1904, was 8,478 (Birmingham police report for year ending December, 1904), being about thirty times greater than Berlin in proportion to the respective numbers of its inhabitants."

MORE ECONOMY.

"It is usual for working men to have an allotment garden, in which a certain amount of vegetables are grown. From what we could gather, meat, butter, ham, and bacon were dearer than in England, bread a little dearer, and eggs and milk cheaper. Clothing costs about the same, but more economy is practised and more care is taken of the garments."

"It must be remembered that the cost of travelling is very little; one can travel twelve miles by electric tram for 10 pf., or about 1 l. 5d. English money, so that the expense of taking a family into the country is very small."

"There are five golf links in Germany, and over one thousand in the United Kingdom. It is difficult to find land for a golf course, so well is the country laid out for agricultural purposes."

THE BRASSWORKERS OF BERLIN AND BIRMINGHAM. Is. net. P. S. King and Son, Orchard House, Westminster.

MAGISTRATE ALSO OBJECTED.

"I object to being placed in a cell, also to being conveyed to the police-station on an ambulance, and I also object to the evidence being given in a foreign language," exclaimed a gentleman at Marylebone yesterday, who was charged with being drunk and disorderly at Kilburn.

"And I object to your being here," exclaimed the magistrate; "you will pay 7s. 6d."

LAST NIGHT'S NEWS ITEMS.

Mr. T. W. Burgess will, to-night, weather permitting, make his fifth attempt to swim the English Channel.

At Shoeburyness Volunteer meeting yesterday the King's Prize for garrison artillery was won by the 8th Battery of the 1st Dorset.

Water was supplied in barrels yesterday to residents of Hanley (Staffs), owing to the failure of the regular supply through a burst pipe at Hatton Waterworks.

At Cobham, Kent, yesterday the late Dowager Countess of Darley was buried in the family vault. There was a large attendance of sorrowing relatives and retainers.

There were no supporters yesterday for an objection raised by a Socialist councillor at Burnley to a proposal to spend £100 on decorations on the occasion of Princess Louise's visit on September 30.

From inquiries received in the Witton railway disaster, Richard Sewell, the little boy whose mother was killed at the time of the calamity, died yesterday. This brings the number of deaths up to eleven.

Mrs. Gregory, the mother-in-law of Devereux, the murderer, was given £2 from the poor-box at Willesden Police Court yesterday. The magistrate repeated his appeal for financial help for Stanley, Devereux's son.

For the first time since the Law Courts were opened, in 1882, the stone and woodwork in the corridors were being thoroughly cleaned yesterday.

Princess Christian of Schleswig-Holstein and her daughter, Princess Victoria Christian, have made Barnstaple their headquarters for daily trips in a motor-car.

At Brompton Cemetery yesterday the burial took place of Mr. Owen William Mathews, late station superintendent at the Victoria station of the South-Eastern and Chatham Railway.

Mr. Child, a "water finder" of East Bergholt, Ipswich, who is employed by rural councils for advice as to where to sink wells, does his work with a watch-spring instead of the usual hazel twigs.

On the arrival of a Dutch steamer in the Tyne yesterday, from Hamburg, one of the firemen was found to be ill. He was taken to the floating hospital, and the vessel has been placed in quarantine.

Manchester magistrates decided yesterday that the Factories and Workshops Act does not apply to people who, though styled "outworkers," perform their tasks on their employer's premises. A summons against a tailor for not supplying the authorities with a list of his outworkers was dismissed.

IN THE TRAIN OF THE ECLIPSE.

Cholera This Year, Revolution 22 Years Hence.

STRANGE PREDICTION.

According to the astrologers an eclipse of the sun is always followed by some great disaster. This year it was cholera, which was predicted in "Zadkiel's Almanac" a year ago.

If astrology can correctly foretell a plague of cholera, what else has it to say? The *Daily Mirror*, bent on learning that which the future hides, interviewed Kymry, a young astrologer, who, in June, 1903, foretold that the peace treaty between Japan and Russia would be signed on September 5, 1905.

Kymry ventured upon a most astonishing prophecy.

"The next solar eclipse visible in this country will be followed by the establishment of an English Republic," said Kymry, after making a long calculation and writing down many curious hieroglyphics.

"In June, 1927, the planet Uranus will be in conjunction with Jupiter in Aries, which rules England."

"When the sun entered the summer quarter in June, 1789," he continued, "Uranus and Jupiter, the same planets, were in conjunction in Leo, which governs France. In the following month the taking of the Bastille inaugurated the French Revolution. Trouble in France was predicted in the ninth century by Altimas, the Arab astrologer."

"Just as this conjunction of Jupiter and Uranus caused or coincided with the French Revolution, so, I believe, will the conjunction, coinciding as it does with an eclipse, have a similar effect in England. All the royal horoscopes agree with this prediction."

GOLD FOR SOUTH AMERICA.

Withdrawals from the Bank of England Causes Rise in Discount Rate.

CAPEL COURT, Thursday Evening.—The big gold withdrawals to South America led to the Bank rate being put up to 3 per cent. to-day, a week earlier than most people expected. Still, the markets did not seem to take it very much amiss, and said that as it had to be done it was better to get it over. Consols closed dull at 90½, because of the heavy withdrawal of £275,000 of gold for South America and fears about Berlin gold demands next week. Bank of England reserve £743,000 lower.

Japanese issues were dull on the Tokio disturbances, and most foreigners were easier.

The efforts to get Kaffirs and Rhodesians up seemed wasted in the earlier part of the day, and prices were declining. But towards the end of business, whether due to the unexpected gleam of sunshine or not, the market took heart again, and showed things up in the Street. Once more, however, the public were sellers rather than buyers.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

COLUMBIA (Transport). See advantage, unless your private advice and the credentials offered are very good indeed. MASHONALAND DEBS: Better hold. GLOBE AND LANCSHIRE EXCHANGE (G.R.M.): (1) Certainly not. (2) We will give a list of some hopeful securities shortly.

THE 100 BEST INVESTMENT SECURITIES.

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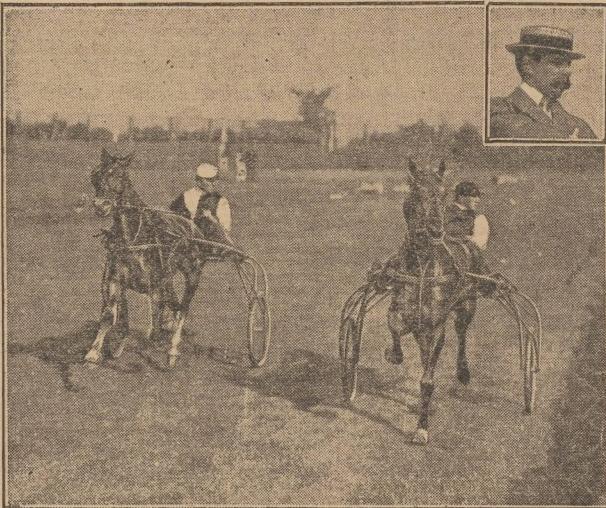
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SOUTHEND'S KURSAAL AND TROTTING COURSE.



In connection with the new Kursaal at Southend, which has just been opened by Earl De La Warr, a fine trotting course has been made, and the photograph shows one of the first matches, won by Mr. G. Bell's Ditty D. The small inset is a photograph of Earl De La Warr, taken while watching a race.

Professor E. Ray Lankester will go to Liverpool on October 31 to open the museum extension.

London detectives are being supplied with magnifying glasses for the better investigation of marks left by burglars.

The Earl of Chichester has been appointed a Public Works Loan Commissioner in place of the late Sir Thomas Salt, Bart.

Lord Chelmsford, the new Governor of Queensland, has appointed Lieutenant F. G. Newton his private secretary, and Lieutenant Bertie Brooke, late of the Royal Artillery, his aide-de-camp.

The Prime Minister has sent to each elector of his constituency of East Manchester a lithographed facsimile of the celebrated "half sheet of note-paper" read at Ardwick Green last January, containing the four points of his fiscal policy.

Motor-car goggles, states the "Railway Times," have been found by a Scottish locomotive inspector to be of great service while riding on the footplate of an engine. It is likely that engine-drivers generally will adopt them for use in bad weather.

To the unique collection of javelins of past high sheriffs at Lancaster Castle a valuable addition has been made by Mr. Lawrence Rawstorne, of Hutton Hall, Preston, of one used when his late father, Colonel Rawstorne, was high sheriff in 1814.

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Daily Mirror

FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER 8, 1905.

NEW LIGHT ON THE JAPANESE CHARACTER.

THE rioting in Tokio, which, according to yesterday's telegrams, was more serious than at first supposed, throws a new light on the character of our Japanese allies.

We knew they fought well, with dogged courage as well as enterprise and dashing gallantry. But they were fighting at the command of their Emperor, to whose "virtue" all their victories are attributed. They despised death because they wished them to take their lives in hand, and because they saw in him the personification of all they had been taught to love and honour.

Now we find that the Japanese, who seemed to us to be perfect models of law and order and respect for authority, are quite capable of letting indignation get the better of them. They will turn out into the streets and public places, too, when they feel they have a grievance, and protest hotly, even going so far as to break windows and attack police-stations.

It is a new light upon their national character, but by no means an unpleasant one. It is a relief to find they are more human than we thought. Their impulsive faces and their habit of silence have exercised upon us, perhaps, rather a chilling effect. They seemed to be almost too perfect.

Now that we know there burns beneath that calm, unchanging exterior a fire which, upon sufficient provocation, will burst out with consuming flames, we feel more warm-hearted towards them. The uncanny impression passes away. They are men of like passions with ourselves. We can shout our "Banzais" more heartily.

For the rest, the Tokio disturbances may be dismissed as natural in the circumstances, but not likely to have any important results. When the malcontents had had time to think things over, they will see that, as Japan had secured all she was fighting for, it was far better to make peace even without getting back all the expenses of the war.

The very fact that both parties are dissatisfied with the conditions of the Peace Treaty is of good omen for the future. Neither will bear lasting malice. There is a far better chance of the two countries settling down now to be friends than if Japan had gained all she asked for at first and had left a sense of resentment to rankle in the Russian breast. E. B.

THE BEGGAR.

By Turgeneff, the Great Russian Novelist.

I passed along the street. . . . A beggar stopped me, an infirm old man.

The inflamed, tearful eyes, and blue lips, the coarse rags, the loathsome sores. Ah, how frightfully had poverty disfigured this being!

He stretched out his dirty, red, swollen hand toward me. . . . he moaned and whimpered for charity.

I searched in all my pockets, . . . I had brought nothing with me.

The beggar waited, . . . and his outstretched hand shook slightly and quivered.

Distressed and embarrassed, I seized the soiled hand and pressed it. . . . "My brother, blame me not, I have nothing, brother."

The beggar turned his red eyes upon me; his blue lips parted in a smile—and he pressed my fingers (which had grown chill) in return.

"It matters not, brother," he faltered; "I thank you all the same. For that was a gift, my brother."

And I realised that I also had received a gift from my brother.

A THOUGHT FOR TO-DAY.

The best rules to form a young man are, to talk little, to hear much, to reflect alone upon what has passed in company, to distrust one's own opinions, and value other's that deserve it.—Sir William Temple.

THIS MORNING'S GOSSIP.

SIR HENRY CAMPBELL-BANNERMAN was overwhelmed with congratulations on the occasion of his sixty-ninth birthday, yesterday. He has been enjoying a very pleasant stay at Marienbad, and everybody there has noticed how well he gets on with the King, whom he entertained at luncheon at the Hotel Egerland on Wednesday. The King used to meet Sir Henry nearly every morning, too, while they were taking the waters. They have, indeed, many tastes in common, and his Majesty shares Sir Henry's admiration, particularly, for all things French. Certainly King and Minister ought to find work together pleasant enough if the time ever comes for Sir Henry to take up the burden of Government.

* * *

But political wisecracks are still at loggerheads as to what position the Leader of the Opposition will design to fill at the next shuffle of the cards. Remember that he has frequently confessed that he has "no ambition"; remember also that he has £50,000 a year, and little taste for the drudgery of party politics, and you may come to the belief that he will not care for too much responsibility. He has certainly found the "Liberal Old Party" of Mr. Punch's witticisms a horribly contrary old body, and the newer methods of certain of his followers are said to distress him not a little.

* * *

The news of Lady Encombe's serious illness with typhoid fever has caused a great deal of anxiety among her friends. Lady Encombe was a Miss

saying that both families are Roman Catholics. Lady Annette de Trafford and her sister, Lady Gwendoline Petre, are the daughters of the late Mrs. Washington Hibbert by her first husband, Colonel Talbot, who, had he lived, would have been seventeenth Earl of Shrewsbury.

* * *

Captain Cecil Banbury is a son of Mr. George Banbury, who has a house in Lowndes-square, and is very well known in London society. He is a good dancer, and is to be met at all the smart houses. Baroness Lily de Briezen is the daughter of the late Baron and Baroness de Briezen, who used at one time to give so many entertainments in London. She is tall and very handsome, and endowed with at least £5,000 a year. One of her sisters married last year Mr. Cyril Ward, one of Lord Dudley's brothers.

* * *

Mrs. Freeman Thomas, who has just been entertaining the social world at Eastbourne, had already some years ago made quite a name for herself as a hostess. She is one of Lord Brassey's daughters, and after the death of the first Lady Brassey she frequently assisted her father to entertain at Normanhurst and in Park Lane.

* * *

For the second time in less than a twelve-month Sir Alfred and Lady Reynolds have received distressing news from India. On the first occasion they were informed of the death of their eldest son, who was in the Welsh Fusiliers, after a very short illness. And now, although the latest news is not

having, are we not? "Lovely, lovely," murmured Parnell without raising his eyes from the book. Then the other, not in the least disconcerted, continued in a soliloquy upon the weather and mentioned as though by chance the condition of land in Ireland, tenants, rent, and the rest of the familiar matters. Immediately Parnell lowered his book, and started the most satisfactory discussion about them all, the substance of which his listener published a few days afterwards.

* * *

Sir Ralph and Lady Blodis are now at Bellindaloch Castle, which they have taken for the autumn. Lady Blodis and her sister, Mrs. Fritzsonsky, are two of the prettiest young married women in society, and daughters of Colonel and Mrs. Edward Kennard.

THROUGH THE "MIRROR."

CHIVALRY ON THE DOWN-GRADE.

I have read with interest your article "Chivalry on the Down-Grade," and also a letter on another column signed "Ethel." "Ethel" speaks about public school men, by which I presume she means the fops and dandies of her own conceited class. I have travelled up by rail for a year or two, and I find that it is generally the "half-educated" young men who give up their seats, while the fop continues to read his paper and pretends to be aware of the presence of a lady. C. E. D.

Kilburn.

It is such distorted and arrogant ideas of "class" as "Ethel" holds which cause the trouble. Lack of a thorough education is surely not a fault, and they who have been more fortunate in this respect should at least give evidence of it by adopting a broader feeling.

Happily the clerk or shopman's education, if only of a half-hearted character, embraces the knowledge that the words "Thank you" and "Please" still exist in the English language. He also happily never sights that he is compelled to work, but is glad in the knowledge that he has the opportunity, and that he is retained in office through merit, and not influence. S. H. F.

SCIENCE AND THE BIBLE.

Dismissal of this question with the usual smug slibbolets is impossible. If correctly reported the Saviour declared that desertion of wife and children (Matt. xix, 29) and a man's hatred of his parents eventuated in life eternal and despatched (Luke xiv, 20).

Neither morality, justice, sociological, or other science occurs in the views involved, which no sophistries can palliate, and upon which the clergy never preach, while here of enemies, the turning of the other cheek, neglect of a friend, and to feed an enemy, the double payment of creditors, and the non-preservation of earthly mental and physical treasures—in short, the protoplasm of the Sermon—are subversive to the welfare of any community and repudiated by the clerical profession.

Hence this religion fears science, hates and opposes mental enlightenment, and the injury done to the world has been incalculable.

MAGUS HONE.

Islington, N.

THE PROPOSED PASSION PLAY.

Will you allow me, as one of the first to protest against the scheme, to express my admiration of Mr. Seymour Hicks's action in abandoning the production of the Passion Play?

I venture to think the King would prefer funds coming from other sources for his hospital fund, and I feel sure that some other means will be found to increase them.

It is enough for the world to be permitted to see the Passion at Ober-Ammergau every ten years. In five years' time the lesson will be renewed.

EDITH MILNER,

Authorised correspondent for the committee and community of Ober-Ammergau.
Heworth Moor House, York.

SWEET PEAS IN SEPTEMBER.

In the article "In My Garden," E. F. T. says: "Fine blooms are no longer found on the sweet peas." Of course, he is speaking personally, and not generally. I enclose some of mine, grown at Eltham, and I hope to cut equally fine blooms all through this month, providing the frost keeps away.

W. NEAL.

Salisbury House, E.C.

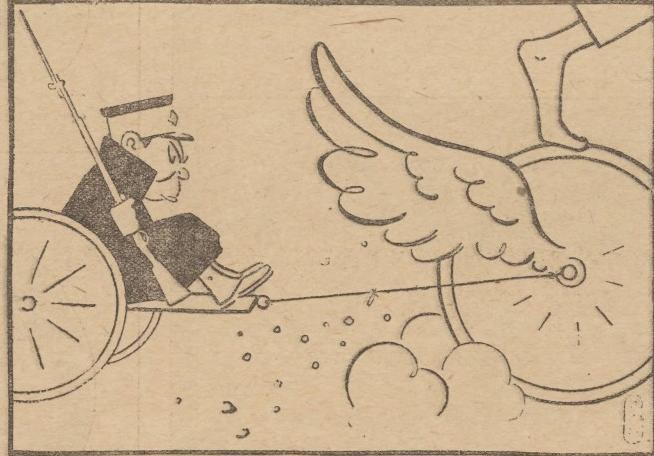
IN MY GARDEN.

SEPTEMBER 7.—China asters, and a few other half-hardy flowers, are now in full bloom, but in most gardens the charming annuals are over. This, however, would not be the case had a little candytuft, godetia, etc., been sown at the beginning of June. One is far too apt to sow all seeds at the same time.

Hardy annuals should be sown at once for flowering next spring. If grown thinly, sturdy little plants will be obtained which will耐寒 all winter. These autumn-sown annuals produce fine flowers, and remain a long time in bloom.

E. F. T.

RUSSIA THINKS JAPAN IS DISAPPOINTED.



A cartoon from the St. Petersburg "Novoe Vremya" foreshadowing the Japanese army returning home in a very bad temper, asking what has really been gained by the war. That view may do for Russia, but we know well enough that Japan's objects in going to war have all been gained.

Fraser, of Lovat, daughter of the fifteenth Lord Lovat, and she married in 1898. She is a singularly beautiful woman, in spite of a rather unbecoming way of wearing her hair. Her marriage excited universal interest in Scotland, because it was known to be a love-match, and because there the Lovat family have always been regarded with an enthusiastic reverence. Lord Encombe is the grandson of the present Lord Eldon. He is descended, therefore, from the Lord High Chancellor who was the first holder of that title.

* * *

This first Lord Eldon, although he rose to such an exalted position, and became a dignitary, grave, powerful, and respected, had nevertheless had his "wild oats" period, and actually eloped, as a young man, with the girl of his choice, a Miss Surtees, the daughter of a banker in his native town of Liverpool. It has often been pointed out, as a curious coincidence, that long afterwards, when he became Lord High Chancellor, Lord Eldon had to try the case of another still more famous eloping husband, whose name was Percy Bysshe Shelley, the widower of the unfortunate Harriet Westbrook. Lord Eldon had to decide, after Harriet had killed herself, whether Shelley was "morally fit" to have the custody of her children.

* * *

Two interesting engagements are just announced, one between Mr. Samuel Sproston and Miss Mary Annette de Trafford and the other between Captain Cecil Banbury and Baroness Lily de Briezen. Mr. Samuel Sproston is the eldest son of Mr. Samuel Sproston, of Sproxton Wood, Wrenbury, a charming place in Cheshire, and his future bride is the third daughter of the late Sir Humphrey de Trafford and Lady Annette de Trafford. She has four sisters—Lady Bellew, Lady O'Brien, the wife of Sir Timothy (the well-known cricketer), Lady Clifford, and one who is a nun. It goes without

so sad, they have heard that their second son, who is in the 12th Lancers, and one of the most popular officers in that regiment, and a very good-looking young fellow as well, has met with an accident and fractured his leg whilst racing at Poona. They have another son who is in the 21st Lancers, and he, about two years ago, had a terrible fall hunting which laid him up for several months.

* * *

A very interesting wedding was that which took place at St. George's, Hanover-square, yesterday, between Captain Matthew Wilson and the Hon. Barbara Lister, eldest daughter of Lord and Lady Ribblesdale. Lady Ribblesdale has a great many well-known political friends, for she is a daughter of Sir Charles Tennant and a sister of Mrs. Asquith, who, as Miss Margaret Tennant, was renowned as the cleverest girl in society, the friend of all the literary and artistic people worth knowing. Lord Ribblesdale is a favourite with King Edward, who gave him his society nickname of "The Ancestor," because he looks for all the world as though he were family portrait come to life.

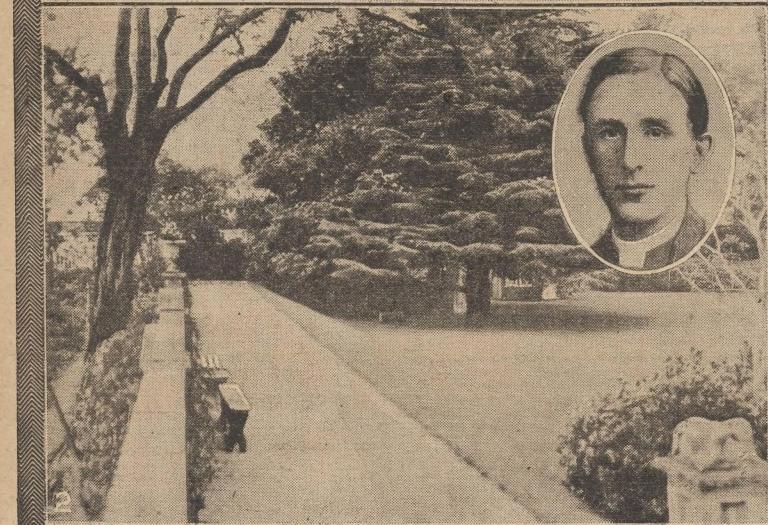
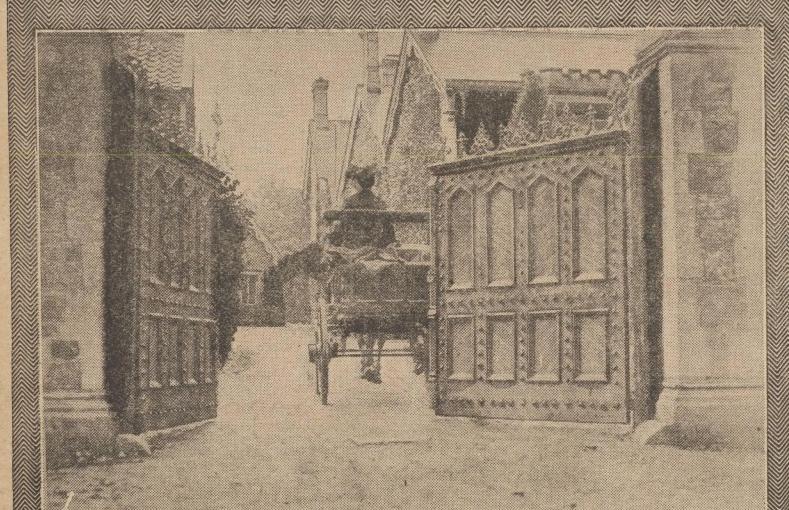
* * *

Lady Ribblesdale has many accomplishments. Not only is he a great statesman, who has been master of the Royal Buckhounds, but also a learned writer upon sport. He was a member also of that exclusive society called the "Souls," to which the present Prime Minister also belonged. A curious story, by the way, is told about his father, the late Lord Ribblesdale, who travelled one day from London to Holyhead in a small railway carriage as Parnell.

* * *

When he caught sight of Parnell curled up in a corner with a book in his hand, Lord Ribblesdale determined to "draw" him on the burning question of the moment—Ireland. Accordingly he opened the conversation, in a scarcely original manner, by saying, "What lovely weather we are

SMYTH-PIGOTT'S "ABODE OF LOVE"



The scandalous establishment operated by the bogus "Messiah" at Spaxton in Somerset, whence a sensational report has come of the birth of a child to Pigott. The child was christened Glory, and the credulous followers of Pigott regard it as divine. The "Abode" is a charming old country house, secluded in beautiful grounds and surrounded by a high wall. The photographs, taken by a special photographic correspondent of the *Daily Mirror*, show: (1) The entrance to the "Abode," a farmer's cart delivering poultry; (2) view from the terrace, showing the lawn and Pigott's favourite walk; and (3) the new addition which has recently been added for the accommodation of more "disciples." Inset is a portrait of Smyth-Pigott.

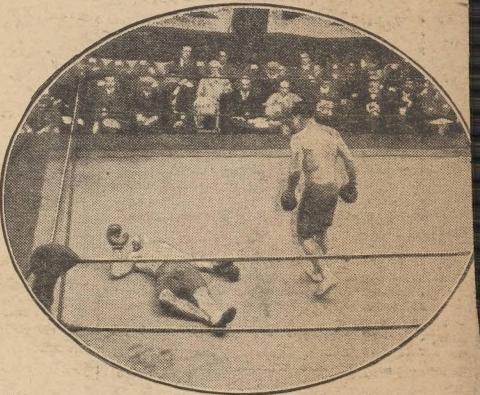
THE DAY'S NEWS

REMOVING THE WATTS' STATUE



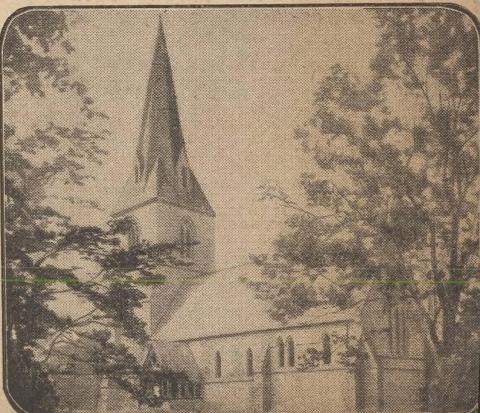
The Office of Works having decided to introduce wood paving instead of equestrian statue, "Physical Energy," the work of the late Mr. G. Watts, has now started on its journey to the Mattock.

ARMY AND NAVY BOXING.



In the boxing championships between the Army and Navy at Aldershot Able-Seaman Kelly, of H.M.S. Victory, beat Trooper Cooke, of the Royal Horse Guards, in the heavy weights class.

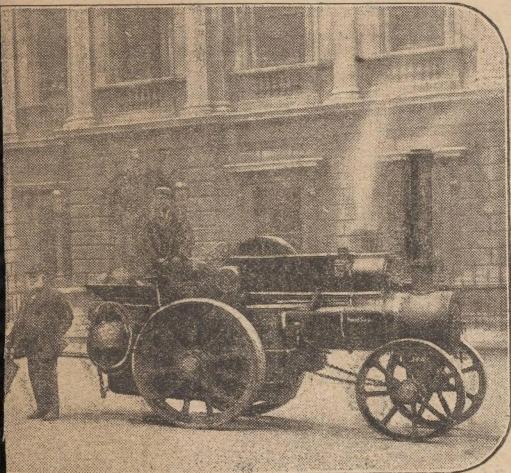
PARISH FOR SALE YESTERDAY.



The parish church of Abberton, in Worcestershire, which village was put up for sale by auction yesterday.

NEWS RECORDED BY CAMERA

IN QUADRANGLE OF ROYAL ACADEMY.



Quadrangle of Burlington House, it became necessary to remove the huge statue, R.A., from its place in the courtyard. The great bronze figure and all, where it will be placed over Cecil Rhodes's tomb.

JUMPING AT BATH HORSE SHOW.



Blink Bonny, owned by Messrs. Glencron, of Frome, was the winner of the jumping competition at the Bath Horse Show. The photograph shows Blink Bonny clearing the water-jump.

DEVON'S TRIBUTE TO GENERAL BULLER.



After the ceremony of unveiling the huge equestrian statue of General Buller at Exeter by Lord Ebrington.

PHOTOGRAPHS of the NEWS

OFFICIAL INQUIRY INTO THE WITHAM TRAIN DISASTER.



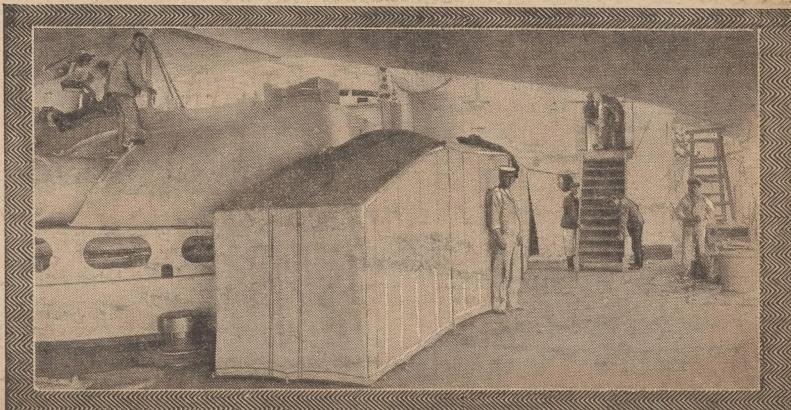
Lieutenant-Colonel von Donop, the central figure in the photograph, who has been appointed by the Board of Trade to inquire into the cause of the Great Eastern Railway accident, at Witham last Friday, arriving upon the scene of the disaster.

ANNULLING THE SWEDISH-NORWEGIAN ACT OF UNION.



The meeting of the Swedish and Norwegian Commissioners at Carlsbad to annul the Act of Union between the two countries. The historic photograph shows on the left the Swedish commissioners, standing, M. K. Staaf and M. N. Hammerskold; sitting, M. F. Wachtmeister and M. C. Lundberg; on the right the Norwegian officials, standing, M. C. Berner and B. Vogt; and, sitting, M. C. H. K. Michelsen and J. G. Loveland.

PRINCE'S VISIT TO INDIA: HIS BATTLESHIP YACHT.



Preparing H.M.S. Renown for the royal tour to India. The photograph shows covered way leading to and from the state cabins, and workmen fitting staircase leading to deck cabins.

ALL THAT A MAN HATH.

By CORALIE STANTON

FOR NEW READERS.

and HEATH HOSKEN.

What the Previous Chapters Contained.

In the manufacturing town of Stoke Magnus in the heart of the Midlands, Sabra Vallence, a beautiful young girl, lived with her uncle, Canon Vallence. Though her Aunt Ursula tried to persuade her to marry Mr. Swithin, Sabra had a sort of youth and love ringing in her ears, found the sacrifice too great and gave her heart to Dick Dangerville.

Lord Blanquart de Balliol, Dick Dangerville's father, had lost his entire inheritance by a series of almost unparalleled family reverses, which culminated two years ago in the sale of Balliol Castle, one of the finest estates in England.

Sabra, however, who had bought Balliol Castle from Lord Blanquart, was a crafty, vulgar financier.

But, rich though he was, Lord Blanquart, who had been raising money on his meagre remaining possessions, in his power. The peer did not know that it was in reality Swindover who held the mortgages and bills that could

Swindover was just about to foreclose and ruin him.

Lord Blanquart arrived at the castle and sought an interview with the financier.

Some time ago, when last the ice was broken and Lord Blanquart had come on a friendly visit. But it was to arrange a loan that the peer had called. He wanted ten thousand pounds, and he would give him the sum.

Sabra, however, told Lord Blanquart that he held him in his power, absolutely refused to arrange any loan, and threatened to ruin him. But Swindover made a proposal.

He would take Lord Blanquart and give him his

castle, Balliol Castle, and two million pounds if he

would arrange a marriage between his son and Swindover's daughter, Fay.

Lord Blanquart scented the idea.

He told her of the proposition he had made to Lord Blanquart, and asked her to give up Dick Dangerville.

She refused, however, to release Lord Blanquart and his son their former wealth and splendour. Sabra resolved to sacrifice her love, and so wrote a letter to Dick, saying she could not marry him.

She was a woman of a decided character, superior to the Abbey of St. Ursula, and begged for work in her

settlement amongst the poor of Stoke Magnus.

When Dick received the letter, he believed that Sabra

had given up him and his family no more.

Meanwhile Fay Swindover has heard the news that the German Grand Duke, with whom she is in love, is engaged to be married to another. She therefore turned to her father, Lord Blanquart, and told him of Dick Dangerville and Dick on his side, seeing his father's distress at the prospect of losing Balliol Castle for ever, tells

Swindover that he will marry Fay.

Fay, however, says that she intends to treat him as a stranger. The ceremony is duly performed, and Dick enters again into possession of his father's home.

CHAPTER XXII.

"What went out with the storm?"

The storm had not abated, as Dick predicted. It raged through the whole night, and only with the dawn a grey calm stole over the land.

Dick awoke very early from a sleep disturbed by the strangest dreams, unrefreshed, and unable to realise for some time the familiar appointments of his old bedroom.

When he did, he jumped up, bathed and dressed himself hastily, and, reverting by instinct to the habit of his boyhood and early youth, ran down the great staircase, whistling for the mere joy of being where he was, and, leaving the castle by the south porch, descended the beautiful terraced gardens and set out for a brisk walk.

His footsteps turned naturally to the stables and kennels, and not until he reached them did he pull himself up sharply and remember the time that had passed since he last paid his early morning visit, and the changes that had been made. His father's head groom was still there, however, to welcome him, although the old favourites of stables and kennel were not. He was an elderly man, with a grim, weather-beaten face, and he took the hand that his young master held out to him, and answered his greeting with tears in his voice.

"Praise God for this day, Mr. Richard. Praise God for this day."

"Ah, Jim, it's good to see you again," said Dick cheerfully, wringing the man's hand. "And it's good to think there are so many o' you left. I want to get to you all together, all those who were with us before, and have a long talk with you."

"I know I can speak for the others, Mr. Richard," said Jim Everard, as, with a great assumption of assurance, he passed the back of his knotted hand across his eyes, "and I say what's in my heart. It's been a bad time—I hope I shall never see the likes of it again—enough to make any man lose heart, even if he's only a groom, with nothing in the stables but fancy carriage horses what lifts their legs a mile in the air and never gets any forward, an' a great new building put up, like a palace, an' crammed with them new-fangled motor-cars."

The man's expression of contemptuous indignation made Dick burst into a laugh, the old hearty ringing boisterous laugh that had not been heard on his lips for many a weary day.

"Never mind, Jim!" he cried. "Don't you worry. We'll change all that. We'll send most of the motor-cars away and fill the stables, and you'll be happy again."

"We knew the good old times would come back again as soon as we heard that you was coming back to your own, Mr. Richard," the man said, with a glance of such loyalty in his eyes as must have done anyone good to see. "An' the reason we stayed on those of us as did was because we knew somehow that you would come back some day. An' we wanted you to find us here. But I can't say as we ever thought of you taking the young leddy to wife, Mr. Richard," he added; and then, seeing a sudden shadow darken his young master's face, he continued, with a certain grudging respect: "Not but what she's a very kind young lady, and 'nows as well as any how to sit a horse. An' I speaks for all of us, Mr. Richard, when I

wishes you long life an' happiness, you an' the young leddy, as you've taken her to wife."

Dick wrung the faithful Jim's hand again, and as he strode away, and the boyish pleasure that he had taken in his return gave way once more to a tumult in his soul.

For again the thought of the girl at the castle was obtruded on him, and again he told himself with unutterable bitterness that he had sold himself, and that the whole world knew it, even his old and faithful servants, who felt the stain on his honour just as he did, and would accept his wife only because she was his wife.

And so his mood changed from joy to bitterness, and he walked slowly back, instead of lightly and buoyantly, as he had come.

It was a morning of strange and delicate beauty. Somehow, it reminded him of Fay, and the very fact that she had begun to be so intimately interwoven with his thoughts and impressions added to his dejection and his sense of intolerable bondage, although he reminded himself, in justice to her, that never had bondage been made so light.

It was a still, pale, cold morning. The sky was grey, but a silvery grey, as if the sun were shining through innumerable layers of gauze. There were filmy veils of mist shrouding the tree tops, and the red and russet tints of the leaves had lost all their colour and fire. The earth, by contrast with all the greyness, looked black, and the great masses of white asters and daisies that bordered the terraced garden, as he approached the castle, shone out like ghostly flowers.

Dick shivered, and was seized suddenly with a sense of oppression. What was one to do on such a day as this? What was one to do on all the succeeding days? How fit in one's life with the presence of that enigmatical creature? How live it and ignore her entirely, as she wished to be ignored?

It seemed impossible. The whole situation was impossible.

It would be like living with a ghost. A still more gruesome thought came to him. It would be like those wretched captives he had read of, living men chained to a corpse.

He entered the castle, and found that, despite all his gloomy thoughts and forebodings, man-like, he had cultivated an appetite.

Fay did not appear at breakfast. He did not expect that she would. He ate his with relish, and read his morning paper carefully, glad to fasten his attention on the commonplace and concrete matters that made up yesterday's events in the outer world. There were two columns about his wedding, although no journalists had been admitted. He guessed that Swindover had supplied the information.

Afterwards he fed a robin red-breast on the terrace and smoked a cigar. Again he found himself thinking about Fay, wondering whether she would ride or drive to town, or steer her great white car, or stay indoors, what she would talk about at luncheon, what she would wear at dinner. He realised that he had not the slightest knowledge of her tastes, and he wondered about her, as one must wonder about a personality that is in its very essence entirely withdrawn from one's comprehension.

As for himself, he mapped out his day. He would begin at once the work of restoring the castle to its former state. He knew that in that, at least, Fay was entirely of his opinion. She had apportioned to him for the decoration of his own apartment, which he had never seen, but explained that it had been done entirely under a false impression given by her father's descriptions of the castle, which she had not seen at the time, and she feared that the work had been done so thoroughly that it would be impossible to undo.

Dick determined to go through all the rooms in detail. That would occupy his morning. After luncheon, unless Fay wished him to ride or drive with her, he would go down to Dangerville Hall to see his father and bring him back to dinner. He thought a third person would make things a little easier for both of them, although he had to admit to himself that, if Fay experienced any embarrassment when in his company, she betrayed it neither by word or sign.

He carried out his morning's programme to the letter, and found that, when he came to examine the place, Swindover's alterations were mostly of such a nature that they could be torn down and bundled out of the rooms in a few days.

He spent an hour with the agent, who reported on the estate, and there he found, as he had expected, that the millionaire's shrewdness and business acumen had brought the property into a more flourishing condition than it had ever known before.

At noon, as Fay had not made her appearance, he sent a servant with a message to her maid, asking that her mistress should let him know what plans she had made, and whether she would care to drive out in the afternoon.

It seemed the most natural thing to ask, for Dick had grown terribly sensitive, and afraid of even the thought of an eyebrow uplifted at the strange commencement of his married life.

The answer came back that Mrs. Dangerville had given strict orders that she was not to be disturbed until she summoned her maid, and that she had not even had her breakfast sent up to her yet.

Time passed. Dick absorbed himself in his plans concerning the castle. One o'clock—half-past one—two o'clock.

(Continued on page 13.)

THE DAILY MIRROR.

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by a Scientific Discovery, going direct to the roots, and destroying the germs which cause Baldness, Premature Greyness, Scurf, Dandruff, etc., and also promoting a strong, vigorous, and luxuriant growth in a few weeks. My treatment gives new life to the growing cells, which quickly multiply, and new hair is positively made to grow.

FREE TRIALS

ing, postage, etc. Hundreds

JOHN HAYNES. (Dept. 54) 28, Newman-st., London, W.

HINDE'S

Circumstances alter cases.
Hinde's Wavers alter faces.

Wavers

One of the greatest factors for comfort in the house is to have the needful work done in the best manner and in the shortest time.

There is no help to compare with Fels-Naptha soap towards furthering these ends.

That is if rightly used: not as other soaps are used, but in an easier way fully explained in the simple directions with every bar.

With Fels-Naptha soap don't use any clothes-rotting chemicals nor skin destroying powders.

Let Fels-Naptha cleanse and purify in the comfortable, easy, rapid and absolutely safe way directed.

Fels-Naptha cleanse

FURNISH AT JAY'S

YOU NEED NOT DISTURB YOUR CASH

JAY'S 6 BRANCHES.



BEDSTEADS AND BEDDING

1/6
WEEKLY.

CHESTS OF DRAWERS, WASHSTANDS, ETC., FROM 1/- WEEKLY.

For Month. FREIGHT DELIVERY IN PLAIN VANS.

£2 10/- Worth (20) Parcels 1/-

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"THE PRODIGAL SON" AT DRURY LANE LAST NIGHT.

Complete Success of Mr. Hall Caine's Moving Drama — Mr. Alexander's Triumph.

Never was a play better advertised than "The Prodigal Son." Never did a play better deserve advertisement.

There is everything in it that a popular drama, to be acted upon the great stage of Drury Lane, could be expected to contain. It makes you laugh; it makes you cry. Its story holds your interest from beginning to end.

All plays are the better for being well acted. This one would have been a disastrous failure if the cast had been indifferent. It is not an "actor-proof" play. Its success is largely made by the actors.

To begin with, Drury Lane was very wise to engage Mr. George Alexander. The prodigal's

sents, in order to keep his companion supplied with money, to cheat at cards in a Riviera casino.

His cheating is discovered, he is hurried away from the place, a shot is fired, and the whole world is led to believe that he has committed suicide. While he flees through the darkness his partner in guilt is covered with roses as the Queen of

instead of Christian Christiansson I had been your own father. And if you have come to me for my sake, I shall shake her heart, I would feel as if you were my father, sir. What I call a father is one who has nursed you on his knee when you were a little thing, and kissed you and coaxed you when you were sick, and then sent you to school when you were old enough.

STRANGER (entreatingly): But if . . . if I were able to say to you "My child, my dear, dear child, I may have done nothing for you, but I am your father all the same, and I love you still." Then I would say to you "I am your father to you, and we shall never be parted again—if I were able to say that to you, would you still hold to your uncle?

ELIN (holding her hand): I couldn't help it, sir, because Uncle Magnus has been my real father after all.

STRANGER (turning up): Too late! Too late! What a man says that shall he reap. (Coming back): You are quite right, Miss Wood, and has done everything for you, and you are everything to him. It won't be fair if your father could come back now and take you away. Cling to him and comfort him, my child. Comfort your grandmother also. Make it up to her for those whom she has loved and lost . . .

The events which follow must not be related in detail. That would mar the pleasure of those who go to see the play. Enough to say that the play ends happily. The farm is saved and the wanderer united to his dear ones, never to be parted again.

"The Prodigal Son" is a fine, emotional, imaginative drama, staged with taste and beauty as well as remarkable realism. But it would lose half its effect if all the characters were not very well played.

Without Mr. Frank Cooper's power and pathos as the elder brother, Mr. Henry Neville's genial dignity as the father, and Mr. Austin Melford's incisive sketch of Oscar's father, how would Miss Mary Rorke to play the mother with touching effect, and Mrs. John Wood to give keen point to Anna's maid's sharp remarks, and Miss Nancy Price to lend the wicked sister a liquid touch of fascination, the piece would not be, as it will be, as great a success as there has ever been, even at Drury Lane.

Among the many smaller parts Mr. Luigi Labiache's family doctor and Mr. Vivian Rey-



Aunt Margaret gives Factor Neileen a piece of her mind. (Mrs. John Wood and Mr. Austin Melford.)

Beauty, and the curtain comes down upon a scene as magnificent and realistic, as full of colour and movement and interest, as has ever been seen in any theatre in the world.



STRANGE SCENE AT THE CASINO.

The Prodigal's temptress will not let him go. (Mr. Alexander and Miss Nancy Price.)

Through all these villainies Mr. Alexander never lets us lose sight of the real nature of the man who commits them. He is not wicked at heart—only weak. He arouses pity rather than hatred or contempt. Under a good influence he would be a very different character. His sister-in-law is his evil genius. It is she who drags him down. We have this impressed upon us all through.

That is why Mr. Alexander is of such service to the play. An actor of less personal charm, of narrower range, would have lost sympathy, and that would have ruined the final act which, as it is, creates a more moving effect than any other.

In the ten years which have passed since the Prodigal rushed out of the Casino into the night he has worked hard, lived frugally, become a great man. His music is known all over Europe. No one would dream of connecting Christian Christiansson, the famous composer, with the wretched Oscar Stephenson, whose very name has been forgotten.

Forgotten alone in his old home. His daughter, now a child of fifteen, has never known what it meant to have a father. To his mother and brother Oscar is dead and gone. When he appears at the farm on the eve of their being sold up, they do not recognise him.

Here both Mr. Alexander and Miss Lily Hall Caine—who plays the Prodigal's wife in the first two acts and his daughter in the last—rise finely to the situation. Their scene together is most effective, and affecting. He offers to adopt the child, but she refuses to leave her uncle, who has loved and cared for her all her life.

ELIN (holding out her hand): Good-night, Christian Christiansson (rising and taking her hand). It was very brave and sweet of you, my child, to choose poverty instead of wealth—to remain with your uncle and grandmother instead of coming to a stranger. But si—if

nold's very clever sketch of the Casino manager stand out vividly, and help the third act very much. Nor must Mr. J. M. Glover's share in the success



The elder brother (Mr. Frank Cooper).

be forgotten. The music he has put together suits its purpose to perfection.

Altogether, an evening of delirious enthusiasm, of ecstatic congratulation all round.

The Present We Offer.

HAVE YOU SENT FOR IT?

THOUSANDS OF DELIGHTED RECIPIENTS.

We can hardly say we have been surprised by the enormous rush there has been for the tortoise-shell soap-box, decorated with gold, that we are offering to our readers, but there has really been an extraordinary demand. Every post has brought in applications for the soap-box, and "Antexema Soap" and its virtues are a household word in thousands of homes.

The explanation of the popularity of "Antexema Soap" is very simple. It is a soap of exceptional merit, and improves the skin in a very remarkable way. "Antexema Soap" removes from the surface of the skin and from the pores themselves all impurity, dirt, dust, and everything that hinders the proper performance of the functions of the skin.

WORDS FROM A FAMOUS AUTHOR.

We were recently looking at a scarce book, "The Months," by the charming essayist, Leigh Hunt, and were interested in what he said about bathing. "The most beneficial aspects under which Venus has been painted or sculptured have been connected with bathing, and, indeed, there is perhaps no one thing that so greatly contributes to the three graces of health, beauty, and good temper; to health, in putting the body into its best state; to beauty, in cleaning and tinging the skin; and to good temper, in rescuing the spirits from the irritability occasioned by those formidable parasites, 'the nerves,' which nothing else abhors in so quick and entire a manner." However true this is of bathing in general, it is a hundred times more true when applied to a bath with "Antexema Soap," which thoroughly penetrates the pores and leaves the skin bright, clear, fresh, active, and healthy. If you want to experience bath luxury, you should certainly use "Antexema Soap."

THE FRAGRANT PINES.

If you walk, cycle, ride, or motor, you cannot help noticing the way in which you are immediately conscious that pine trees are near. Wherever the pines are they breathe out sweet healing, refreshing, and invigorating odours, and the weak and wearied find new life owing to their benign influence. In "Antexema Soap" the healing, refreshing, and invigorating influences of the pines are all embodied, and that is why the habit of using "Antexema Soap" is such a good one to acquire.

ANTEXEMA SOAP SHOULD BE USED

Because it makes the skin clear, pure, and healthy, and prevents pimples, blackheads, and red, rough, oily skin. It should always be used for washing baby, as it will keep the beautiful skin of children in health and loveliness, and make the hair soft and fascinatingly charming. Procure a trial tablet of "Antexema Soap" immediately, and you will be delighted with it and charmed with the wonderful improvement made in the appearance of your skin. Its value in preventing baldness is very great. It cleanses the scalp thoroughly, removes scurf and dandruff, promotes hair growth, and renders it soft, silky, glossy, and beautiful.

WRITE IMMEDIATELY.

We want you to have the beautiful gift we are offering to our readers, and we advise you in your own interest to write immediately while our offer is still open to you. In return for a postal order for sixpence, we will send a sixpenny tablet of "Antexema Soap," and present you with a beautiful tortoise-shell soap-case, decorated in gold, which is useful and ornamental and a great convenience when travelling. Write immediately you read this to the Antexema Company, 88, Castle-road, London, N.W., and mention the *Daily Mirror*.



"I like it!"



Mr. George Alexander in the fourth act.—(Langley)

himself to his child the Prodigal goes off to Europe with the sister and spends his substance in riotous living. At last he is brought so low that he con-

KASKARENES COMPETITION

The winning verse, together with the name and address of the author, was published in the "Daily Mirror" dated Sept. 6th last, and below are a few of the verses sent in by competitors, the writers of which have to-day each been forwarded a postal order in accordance with our offer.

Feeling weak and sick and ill,
Can't afford a doctor's bill;
I must think of other means—
Joy! I'll try those Kaskarenes.
H. MORRIS.

111, Earlham-grove, Forest Gate.

The stately Bishop, gartered legs can scarce support his weight,
For he's been feeling quite run down and very weak of late.
He longs for such sound, robust health
that is the rural Dean's,
And this would be the same if he would take some Kaskarenes.

He wrote a sermon out three times,
Then tore it up to smother it.
He felt so ill he could not write
Until he took some Kaskarenes.

E. H. BROWN.

1, Empress-street, Walworth, S.E.

For those who suffer grief and pain
Pray Kaskarenes at once obtain;
They ease the mind and clear the brain
And make the old feel young again.

R. SOLLY.

8, Leyton-square, Peckham, S.E.

Why suffer long and pains endure
When here you have a certain cure,
For perfect health and all it means
Result from taking Kaskarenes.

ARTHUR SIDDEING.

Bromley, Bungay.

One day in town I met Old Brown,
A-looking rather blue;
I looked straight up, but he looked down.
I said, "Well, what's with you?"

He said, "He'd grown quite weary
Of life and all its scenes."

I said, "Don't talk such nonsense,
Try a course of Kaskarenes."

Well, he did so, for he said so—

"Tis not false by any means;

And his talk and step is cheery

As he praises Kaskarenes.

C. HARMER.

4, Willowbrook-grove, Peckham, S.E.

* * *

I once used to wish I could relish my

food,
For all that I ate seemed to do me no

good;

But now I am learning what appetite

For I've just been persuaded to try

Kaskarenes.

C. WHEELER.

79, Bellington-road, Chesham, Bucks.

* * *

The poor bilious man never knows what

it means
To be free from his headaches and

pains,

Until by good fortune he tries Kas-

karenes,

And perfect digestion regains.

S. MINGO.

34, Oxford-street, St. Thomas's, Exeter.

* * *

They come as a boon and a blessing to

men,
To the ladies likewise and young folks

in their teens;

Their spirits grow lighter, the world is

much brighter, when

People are careful to take Kaskarenes.

R. NOBLE.

13, Clarence-street, Islington, N.

* * *

When sick and faint, and in distress,

When racked with pain and wretchedness,

No heart to laugh, no voice to sing,

Then Kaskarenes are just the thing.

MATTHEW CALDER.

92, Cottage-row, Kelloe, near Coxhoe,

Co. Durham.

* * *

As soon as Kaskarenes I tried

I grew so well with joy I cried,

"My pains are scattered far and wide

And health and I sit side by side."

(Miss) ANNIE HAYWARD.

2, St. Margaret's-terrace, Cheltenham.

* * *

When head is aching, eyes are dim,

When lassitude pervades each limb,

Try Kaskarenes, my friend, and see

What health, what joy they'll bring to

thee.

(Mrs.) R. J. PRATT.

Stodden Farm, Dymchurch, Kent.

* * *

To those who long and well would live—

Though great or slender be their

means,

This sound advice I gladly give,

Just try a course of Kaskarenes.

F. A. CRATE.

23, St. John's-street, Winchester.

* * *

A dyspeptic young maid of St. Keyne's

Was dying whilst yet in her teens,

But, I'm happy to tell,

That she quickly got well

After taking a few Kaskarenes.

LITTLE ILFORD, E. C. TREVELYAN.

* * *

I don't know what a fury tongue

Or torpid head can bring,

I have been old, and now am young

Through taking Kaskarenes.

(Mrs.) C. E. RICHARDS.

13, Spring-road, Kempston, Bedford.

* * *

What is wealth compared to health—

A bagatelle. You must be well.

Then lose no time, obtain the means,

And try a box of Kaskarenes.

50, Loftus-house-place, Leeds.

Read the Remarkable Offer below.

What they say of Kaskarenes

As a remedy for Indigestion, Constipation, Liver Complaints, Biliousness, etc.

Miss B. Holcombe, Pontnewynydd, writes, August 23, 1905:

"Kaskarenes really do deserve great praise. I felt eased in a very short time after taking them. Shall always recommend them to my friends."

B. LARIES, Esq., Agnes-road, Blundellsands, writes, August 1:

"Kaskarenes I find very good, and especially effective for constipation."

A. BUTCHER, Esq., 340, Christchurch-road, Boscombe, writes, August 6:

"I think Kaskarenes are exceedingly good."

MISS A. WHILBREAD, Wyndham Park, Burton-on-Trent, writes, August 23:

"I gave Kaskarenes to a friend who suffers greatly from indigestion, and she has derived great benefit from their use."

Mrs. A. Stewart, 4, Holles-street, Dublin, writes, August 7:

"I have great pleasure in testifying to the efficacy of Kaskarenes for indigestion. I have never found anything like them."

Mrs. James Wright, 87, Muir-street, Hamilton, Scotland, writes, August 6:

"Kaskarenes are the best medicine I ever used for stomach complaints and constipation."

Mrs. Mary Doyle, 20, Stanley-road, Hoylake, Cheshire, writes, August 7:

"I tried Kaskarenes and finished them to-day, and found they did me much good."

A. J. Davis, Esq., Skimhouse, Hookgate, Shrewsbury, writes, August 7:

"My mother, who has suffered from biliousness of long standing, thinks Kaskarenes are highly satisfactory."

Miss A. Oakes, Story Hill Villa, Lytham-road, Blackpool, writes, August 6:

"I think the Kaskarenes are splendid. I never felt so well as when taking them."

F. A. Durant, Esq., Smedley's Hydro, Malvern, writes, August 5:

"I have greatly benefited by your famous Kaskarenes, and you are at liberty to state this."

J. Fairnington, Esq., Dinchfield House, Salisbury, writes, August 4:

"Enclosed please find P.O. 2s. 9d. for bottle of Kaskarenes, as I have derived much benefit from those I had."

G. Mana, Esq., 48, Major-street, Hinckley, writes, August 4:

"The Kaskarenes are the most excellent remedy for indigestion, constipation, and liver troubles. I have felt since taking them full of tone and better health all round."

A. S. Love, Esq., Fernside, Tunbridge Wells, writes, August 3:

"After suffering from indigestion and sluggish liver, Kaskarenes have benefited me greatly, and I now enjoy my food."

Mrs. S. Carter, The Hotel, Lillington, near Polegate, writes, August 1:

"I have found Kaskarenes uplifting in their efficacy and shall be glad if you will forward me 2s. 9d. bottle."

J. J. Moore, Esq., 28, North-street, Chichester, writes, August 2:

"Kaskarenes clear the system thoroughly and gently. Please send a further 2s. 9d. bottle."

A. March, Esq., Wordleigh, South Droyls, writes, August 1:

"Kaskarenes have proved very effective in my case, and you can use my name if you like."

Mrs. Yates, West Winterfallow, near Salisbury, writes, July 31:

"My husband says they have done him more good than any medicine he has ever taken."

T. Nical, Esq., Lorna Cottage, 20, Maule-street, Monifield, writes, July 31:

"Have used Kaskarenes and find that they have relieved me of the pain I usually had after meals, and they are in a most convenient form. Please send me a ds. 6d. size."

A. Wallace, Esq., 41, York-road, West Hartlepool, writes, July 27:

"Find Kaskarenes excellent. Please send another 2s. 9d. box."

Our Remarkable Money Back Offer.

FOR ONE WEEK ONLY from this date, and as a striking advertisement, A THREE MONTHS' TREATMENT will be sent post-free to all applicants enclosing the attached Special Order Form with Postal Order for 2/6, and, if after One Week's Trial you can truthfully say you have derived absolutely no benefit,

YOUR MONEY WILL BE AT ONCE RETURNED IN FULL.

Special Order Form.

KASKARENES, Ltd.
11, HOLBORN,
LONDON, E.C.
Daily Mirror, Sept. 8, 1905.

A HARVEST OF BLACKBERRIES—DELICIOUS WAYS OF SERVING THE FRUIT.

AUTUMN SPOILS OF THE HEDGEROWS.

BLACKBERRIES AND HOW TO COOK THEM IN THREE WAYS.

Blackberries are very plentiful this season, and possess a particularly good flavour. They are most delicious as tarts, puddings, and jelly.

Combined with apples, if a good recipe like the following be used, blackberries make an excellent pudding. Too frequently the dish is spoiled owing to the insufficiency of cooking given to the blackberries, which must thoroughly amalgamate with the apples, or the result will be distasteful:

BLACKBERRY AND APPLE PUDDING.

INGREDIENTS.—Three-quarters of a pound of flour, six ounces sugar, one-quarter of a teaspoonful of baking-powder, a pinch of salt, about one and a-half pounds of blackberries, three-quarters of a pound of apples, six ounces of moist sugar.

Carefully look over and stalk the blackberries. Peel, core, and slice the apples. Chop the suet finely. Mix together the flour, baking-powder, salt, and suet. Then add gradually to the dry ingredients enough cold water to mix them into a stiff paste. Well grease a pudding-basin, cut off one-third of the pastry, and put it on one side for the lid.

Roll out the rest till it is just large enough to line the basin and slip it into the basin, pressing it in.

Next half fill the basin with the mixed fruit, put in the sugar, then the rest of the fruit, and a very little cold water. Roll out the pastry for the lid until it is the size of the top of the basin, brush the edges with a little water, and put on the top, pressing the edges well together. Dip a pudding-cloth into boiling water; flour it well, shaking off any flour that will not stick to it. Tie it securely over the basin, making a plait across the top to allow room for the pudding to swell.

Put the basin into a pan of fast-boiling water, and boil the pudding steadily for two hours. Then take off the cloth, turn the pudding on to a hot dish, and serve it.

BLACKBERRY JELLY.

INGREDIENTS.—For every four pounds of blackberries, half a pint of water, for each quart of juice, three-quarters of a pound of loaf sugar.

Remove the stalks and carefully pick over the fruit. Place it in the preserving-pan with the necessary water. Boil till quite soft. Then strain off the juice through a hair-sieve, or filtering that, a fine wire-sieve, jelly-gauze, or tammy cloth.

Press the pulp, but do not pulp it through, or the jelly will not look bright and clear. Measure the juice, and put it back into the pan with the necessary sugar.

Boil and skim it all steadily for about three-quarters of an hour, or till it jellies when some is allowed to cool on a plate. When this happens, pour it into small, clean, dry jars, and when cold, pour them tightly down.

BLACKBERRY CUSTARD.

INGREDIENTS.—One pound of blackberries, one pound of castor-sugar, one pint of boiled custard, nutmeg.

Carefully pick over the berries, stew them with the sugar and just a little water till they are a soft pulp. Rub this pulp through a hair-sieve. Measure it, and mix with an equal quantity of custard.

Whisk it well till it is quite frothy. Serve it in custard cups. Grate a tiny dust of nutmeg on the top of each, and serve with the custard wafers, or small plain biscuits.

HOW TO GET THINNER.

How many girls there are to whom their size is a real affliction, who would give untold wealth (had they got it) to grow a little less robust. They try many remedies from time to time, forgetting they should allow Nature to help them, and that if

Nature is consulted she will prove the best aid. She should remember the following rules:

If possible a walk should be taken before breakfast.

At that meal, or before it, ripe fruit should be eaten when it can be obtained, though not in excess. Coffee and cocoa should be avoided, and tea should be drunk without sugar and milk, but flavoured with lemon.

Butter should be avoided. Bread should be replaced by dry toast or gluten biscuits, and hot rolls should never be touched.

For lunch and dinner, beef, mutton, or poultry should be eaten, but care must be taken to have the meat well cooked. White fish may be taken, but no soup. The pudding course should consist of unsweetened stewed fruit. Supper should be as

light as possible, and should be taken quite two hours before bedtime.

Cold baths should be taken daily if they are not otherwise injurious to the health. After the bath brisk friction should be used with a rough towel, and the body should be kneaded gently but firmly with the hands.

All starchy and farinaceous foods must be avoided such as potatoes, rice, and so forth, as well as sweets, and no eating should ever be indulged in between meals.

Laziness is a great fatterer. Too much sleep, too little exertion, these all tend to make flesh and to keep it.

To drink an excessive quantity of liquid is a mistake. Even water taken in large quantities will have a most wonderfully fattening result.



The dressmakers and milliners are enjoying quite a second summer, owing to the orders that are pouring in for Indian outfits, to be worn during the autumn and winter in the East while the Prince and Princess of Wales visit that country. Above are depicted a white muslin blouse, trimmed with medallions of yellow lace, strung together by pale blue ribbon, and a yellow leghorn hat, daintily trimmed with blue ribbon.

ALL THAT A MAN HATH.

(Continued from page 10.)

And then, suddenly, a sense of something ridiculous overpowered him. His nature, his up-bringing—everything tended to make him conventional. He shrank from the unusual as from something ugly and diseased. He felt that his servants must be laughing at him, and a flush mounted to his cheeks. He felt that Fay was making a fool of him, and he hated her.

Lunch was announced, and, without giving himself time to think, he strode upstairs and along the corridor that led to her apartments. At least he would make a pretence of intimacy, although they were more than strangers. Did she intend to stay in her own rooms all day? He felt that she was carrying her share of their bargain beyond the regions of good taste.

He knocked at the door of her boudoir, and received no answer. He opened it, after knocking again and again. The room was empty.

He hesitated a moment, and then walked through

it into the adjoining rooms, convinced that he would meet a maid, who would take a message to her mistress, asking her whether she would receive him.

He passed through the dining-room into an anteroom. Opposite were white velvet curtains, looped up with gold. He knew that beyond must lie the dressing-room and bedroom. Somehow, intrusion did not seem permissible.

He felt as if he were in a strange land. Although he knew himself to be in the home of his fathers, this nest of refined luxury did not seem to belong to it. He was just about to turn back, when the white curtains were torn aside and a pretty young Frenchwoman rushed out, her lace cap away, her sharp little face puckered up with consternation.

"My mistress! My mistress!" she cried. She would have flown past Dick, only he seized her by the arm. Then she looked up and recognised him, and stammered out:

"My mistress? Where is she? She is not here?"

"What do you mean?" cried Dick.

"Oh, monsieur, she told me not to disturb her. But it grew so late—never had she been so late before—and I was alarmed, and I went into her room now—this minute—and she was not there. Her bed was just as it was last night. She had not slept in it. And all her clothes were disorderly. And I called Minna, but she had not seen her. My mistress has gone. Oh, monsieur, monsieur, what has become of her?"

(To be continued.)

"Too Old at Forty" is the present Day Cry.

It doesn't mean "too old" physically—it's looking too old, meaning

GREY, SPARSE OF HAIR, BALD.

MR. GEO. R. SIMS'S

"TATCHO"

MAKES YOU LOOK YOUNG—THEREFORE YOU FEEL YOUNG, YOU ENJOY LIFE, YOU FACE THE FUTURE WITH CONFIDENCE.

It is impossible nowadays to retain a place in the business world if you lose your hair. Business life has become so strenuous that employers do not hesitate to promptly dispense with the services of those who lose their youthful looks, because they realise that to look old is to feel old, which means loss of ambition, heart, and personality. Employers will also tell you of the dissatisfaction the retention of the bald and grey-haired inspires among young employees of calibre waiting to fill more responsible positions. SCIENCE has not been so lacking that a remedy does not exist. For this remedy the world is indebted to

Mr. Geo. R. Sims.

"I was rapidly going bald," he says in the "Daily Mail." "I went to two specialists. I was told something, and by dint of experiment I discovered 'Tatcho.'

Look at My Hair Now.

isn't that convincing evidence?" It would be no exaggeration to say that the use of "Tatcho" is like taking a sip at the fountain of perpetual youth. Looking young, you feel young, enjoy life and face the future with confidence. Mr. Geo. R. Sims places this precious gift of youthful appearance in your power. By using "Tatcho" you are positively

Insuring Against Loss of Hair.

"Tatcho" is not a remedy for the rich only. The institution of the system by which the public are able to obtain a

4/6 Trial Bottles of "Tatcho" for 1/10.

carriage paid, has brought "Tatcho" to a level with other necessities of life. The system was instituted and is being continued solely to educate the people to the value of Mr. Geo. R. Sims's discovery. Each user being a living testimony to the powers of "Tatcho," a hundred thousand users are of infinitely greater service in securing an enduring reputation than a hundred thousand pounds spent in the orthodox methods of Press publicity. In "Tatcho" you have the specific which is in use in the Army and Navy, in hospitals and convalescent homes, and is being prescribed by doctors themselves to hundreds of patients and non-patients. If I may speak, success in overcoming baldness, falling hair, and grey hair is assured by the use of "Tatcho."

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and send with P.O. or stamp for 1/10 to the Chief Chemist "Tatcho" Laboratories, Kingway, London. By return you will receive a full size 4/6 trial bottle of "TATCHO," Carr. Paid. "M."

Mr. Geo. R. Sims
Hair Restorer Co.

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we will forward a handsome Walk-Belt which a duchess might envy, together with our Queen's Guard skirt, which is also made FREE, by return post. These skirts are made in all sizes in the latest styles. We have them in various shades of Blue, Grey, Brown, or in Black material, which is guaranteed to be the best. Please send us money free in order to increase the sale of our belts.—D. M. FOSTER & CO., LTD., Skirt and Belt Makers, 36 & 37, Charterhouse Square, London, E.C.

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"DAILY MAIL."

LIVER Disorders



FREQUENT feelings of sickness, dull headaches, sudden drowsiness, feelings of dejection and misery, loss of appetite, no energy, bad taste in the mouth, yellow tinge of the skin and the whites of the eyes, constipated bowels—these are some of the signs of Liver Trouble. Liver Trouble, which is at the root of most common ailments, is permanently cured by BILE BEANS, the World's Greatest Liver Medicine. Read this proof:

"For 36 years I suffered from Liver Complaint," said Mrs. Clara Millward, of 7, Frederick Street, West Bromwich, Birmingham, to a Birmingham Telegram reporter. "The pain I had, especially towards night, was simply indescribable, and my head ached terribly. I could not digest any food properly, and in consequence grew very weak and depressed. In addition to this I suffered severely from constipation and also began to be troubled with piles. I was for as long as a week without my bowels being relaxed. Last March I became so very ill that I had to have a special nurse to look after me. For six weeks I was unable to leave my bed. The doctor said it was a serious case of liver trouble. That organ was enlarged, and he suggested that I should undergo an operation for the piles, but I refused. I tried every patent medicine of which I heard, but none of them, nor the doctor's medicine, effected any permanent cure.

"It was about this time that I saw an announcement in the paper telling how a person had suffered like myself, and who had been completely cured by Bile Beans. I sent for a box. The first few doses gave me a good deal of relief, and I continued with their use. I was under the doctor's treatment at the time; but seeing that the Beans were effecting my cure I dispensed with his services. By degrees the pains left me, my bowels were corrected, and I began to enjoy my food without fear of the old attacks of liver trouble. Slowly, but surely, my distressing complaints were banished, my energy and strength returned, and now I am thankful to say I have completely recovered my health. For this grand cure I have Bile Beans alone to thank."

Why Bile Beans are THE FINEST LIVER CURE.

1. Because Bile Beans are prepared from valuable vegetable substances.
2. Because Bile Beans strike at the root of liver and stomach diseases, and do not merely relieve symptoms.
3. Because Bile Beans remove from the system of people who have been taking iron tonics, mineral poisons, old-fashioned purgatives, the evil effects of these concoctions.
4. Because Bile Beans do not make medicine-taking a necessity.
5. Because Bile Beans do not weaken, but strengthen.
6. Because Bile Beans are mild in action, yet always effective. Bile Beans do not gripe or purge as do old-fashioned medicines.
7. Because no claim is ever made on behalf of Bile Beans without clear proof of such claims.
8. Because anyone who has not yet taken Bile Beans can always first test the medicine free of charge.
9. Because Bile Beans Cure Permanently.



MRS MILLWARD

SUMMER-END FAG

You feel in need of a holiday, or perhaps you have had your holiday and feel no benefit from the change? The same weariness affects you, the same feeling of exhaustion with the lightest effort, the same lack of interest in household and other duties. The remedy for this condition, which is known as "Summer Fag," is not a visit to the seaside or country, but careful attention to the state of the liver, which exerts great influence over the rest of the body. For women with an anaemic tendency, summer-end fag may be the precursor of serious autumn troubles. Bile Beans, being a natural specific for this class of ailment, can be confidently recommended in all cases. They tone up the liver, and impart vitality and energy to the whole system.

"I was unable to walk the length of a street without experiencing intense languor and fatigue amounting to pain," said Mrs. Garrett, of Meadowside, Penbury. One of my greatest delights is to ride my bicycle, but this was out of the question on account of my weakness. I commenced taking Bile Beans, and after continuing with them for a few weeks, I found my strength returning.

"As the result of a short course the lassitude and weakness have disappeared, and I am now able to ride my bicycle for ten or twelve miles without taking rest. This is entirely due to Bile Beans."

BILE BEANS CURE Headache, Constipation, Piles, Pimples, "That Tired Feeling," Summer-end Fag, Debility, Liver Troubles, Bad Breath, Biliousness, Indigestion, Loss of Appetite, Dizziness, Buzzing in the Head, Nervousness, Anaemia, and all Female Ailments. Obtainable of all Medicine Vendors, or post free from the Bile Bean Co., Redcross Street, London, E.C., on receipt of price 1s. 1½d. per box, or large family size (containing three times quantity small size), 2s. 9d.

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"Daily Mirror," 8/9/05.

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